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ELIZABETH:

OR,

THE EXILES OF SIBERIA:

A Tale

FOUNDED ON TRUTH.



Montreal:

PUBLISHED AND SOLD BY T. CAREY,

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ELIZABETH.



THE city of Tobolskoi, the capital of Siberia, is situated upon the banks of the Irtish, which rises in Calmuc Tartary, and falls into the Oby, near Tobolskoi. To the north of this city are immense forests, which extend to the Frozen Ocean. The foot of man has seldom trodden them, as they are presumed to be solely inhabited by wild beasts: this immense space of seven hundred and thirty three miles is interspersed with rocky barren mountains, covered with perpetual snows; with vast districts of frozen sands; where, even during the warmest days in summer, the earth scarcely ever thaws; many frigid lakes, or rather stagnant bogs, whose icy streams have never watered a meadow, nor opened to the sunbeam the beauties of a flower. On advancing farther north, neither cedar, firs, nor any trees of lofty growth, are to be seen; brambles, wild-broom, and dwarf birch shrubs, are the only ornaments of this desolate spot. Farther still, even these

disappear; and marshes, which merely produce a sort of useless moss, appear to be the last effort of expiring nature, as beyond those, every trace of vegetation is lost. Nevertheless, even in this severe climate, amidst the gloom and horror of an eternal winter, nature displays some of her most majestic beauties, since in these frozen regions, the northern lights are seen in the greatest perfection; their luminous arches being of much longer duration, and emitting far more vivid flashes of coloured light, than they ever do in a more southern hemisphere. Indeed, the strong reflection of this meteor may be deemed one of the peculiar favours of Heaven, to console the inhabitants of Siberia for their long deprivation of the light of the sun, which, even in the vicinity of Tobolskoi, does not shine upon them for months during their dreary winter.

To the south of Tobolskoi is the province or tract of Ischimska; plains strewed with repositories of the dead, and divided by stagnant and unwholesome lakes, separate it from the Kergish, a wandering and idolatrous people.

To the left is the river Irtysh, and on the right, it is bounded by the river Tobol, the banks of which are naked and barren, as they merely present to the eye, fragments of rocks promiscuously heaped together, among which,

here and there a solitary fir-tree rears its head; at their feet, in a space formed by an angle of the river, is the small town or Village of Samuka, which is about six hundred verstes, or four hundred miles from Tobolskoi: it is situated in the midst of what may be truly deemed a desert, since the environs exhibit very little appearance of cultivation, every surrounding object appearing as gloomy as the sombre light which shines through the hemisphere, and as dreary as the climate; yet, the province or circle of Ischimaska, is stiled the Italy of Siberia, since it enjoys nearly four months of summer; but the eight months in winter are extremely severe. The north winds, which blow incessantly during that period, render the cold so piercing, that, even in September, the Tobol is frequently frozen over, and a thick coat of snow covers the whole surface of the earth, which rarely disappears before the end of May; though, when it does begin to dissolve, the celerity with which the trees shoot forth their leaves, and the fields display their verdure, is almost miraculous: nature does not require more than three days to bring her plants to perfection. The blossoms of the birch-tree exhale an odour resembling the smell of roses, various aquatic plants cover the marshy ground, and flights of storks, Muscovy ducks, and soland geese, are then seen upon

the surface of the lakes; the white crane plunges among the reeds in the most lonely marshes, to make her nest, which she forms of the very grass which conceals her from observation; while the flying squirrels are seen in the woods, jumping from tree to tree, cutting the air with their bushy tail, and feasting upon the buds of pines, and upon the first leaves of the birch-trees.

Thus, for the natives of these frozen regions, there is a season of pleasure; but, for the unhappy exiles who are doomed to linger out their existence in this dreary climate, there is none.

The generality of these unfortunate beings reside in the villages which are situated on the borders of the river, between Tobolskoi and the extremest limits of the circle of Ischimska; others are dispersed in cottages, or rather huts, about the country. For some, the government provides: those for whom it does not, are forced to subsist upon the flesh of the various animals which they either shoot or ensnare during the winter. They are all, however, considered by the natives, and other inhabitants of these dreary regions, as objects of pity. Indeed, the name, which they give to the Exiles, seems to have been dictated by the tenderest sentiments of compassion, and a strong conviction of their innocence—they call them, *unfortunates*!

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About three verstes, or two miles, from Saimka, in the centre of a marshy forest, upon the borders of a small but deep circular lake, which was surrounded by black poplars, resided a family of exiles; it consisted of three persons—a man about five and forty, his wife, and a beautiful girl, their daughter, in the bloom of youth.

Secluded in this desert, this family never had communication with any one. The father went alone a-shooting most days, but never had either he, or his wife, or his daughter, been seen at Saimka; and, except a poor Tartarian peasant, who was their only servant, no human being had admission to their dwelling. No one was acquainted with their country, their former rank of life, nor with the cause of their banishment. The governor of Tobolskoi was alone in the secret, which he had not even confided to the lieutenant of his district, who resided at Saimka. In committing these people to his care, he had merely desired, that he would provide them with a decent habitation, a small garden, and what clothes and provisions they might require, accompanying this order with a strict charge to prevent their having any communication with any one, and particularly desiring him to intercept any letters which they might, by any method, attempt to dispatch to the court of Russia.

So much consideration, united to so much mystery, and to such unusual severity, induced people to suspect, that, under the simple name of Peter Springer, the father of this family concealed a far more illustrious one; of course, that his misfortunes were of no common nature, as they presumed him to be either a very great criminal, or the victim of the hatred and injustice of the Russian ministers. But every endeavour to ascertain the truth of these conjectures having proved ineffectual, after a time, they ceased to interest either the curiosity or the feelings even of those who had at first been the most anxious in their enquiries respecting them. Indeed they were so seldom seen, that they were soon forgotten; and if, in pursuit of the chase, some straggling sportsman wandered towards the lake in the forest, and by chance inquired who resided in the cottage on its borders, he was told they were *Unfortunates!* (as no one, when mentioning an exile, ever added any humiliating name implying guilt.) This satisfied the enquirer, who generally departed, pitying their destiny, and breathing a mental prayer, "that in his own good time, the Almighty would please to improve their condition, by restoring them to their country and friends."

Peter Springer had himself built their little habitation. The walls were of wood, and the

roof was thatched. Detached masses of the surrounding rocks defended it from the severe squalls of wind so frequent in this climate, and also prevented it from being overflowed by the inundations of the lake. These rocks were of a soft crumbling granite, and reflected, as they wore away, the rays of their short summer sun: therefore, during the first rays of warm weather, various tribes of mushrooms shot up through their crevices: some of a pale pink, others of a light straw-colour, and some of an azure blue, like those of the lake Baikal; and in those cavities where tempests or whirlwinds had scattered any loose earth, firs and service trees grew spontaneously. On the southern side of the lake, the forest consisted only of underwood, thinly scattered, which afforded an extensive view of the uncultivated plains beyond. A variety of mis-shapen tombs and monuments were scattered among these deserts. Many had been pillaged, and their bones strewed around—the only remains of some savage nation, whose existence would never have been known, if some uncouth but valuable golden ornaments, which had been buried with them, had not proved some incitement to the avarice of the living.

To the East of this extensive plain was a small wooden chapel, which had been erected by the primitive Christians. On that side, the

rude memorials in honour of the dead had been more respected, since within sight of that holy cross, so justly revered by all sorts of Christians, no one had dared to profane the ashes of the dead.

In traversing these plains, (or steppes, the name they bear in Siberia,) Peter Springer, during the long and severe winter of this northern climate, spent his mornings, his gun being the only companion of his walk. Sometimes he shot young elks which feed on the leaves of the willow and poplar: sometimes he caught those smaller animals named sables, which are rather scarce even in Siberia, but much oftener, ermines, which are very numerous in this spot; and, by selling their skins, he was enabled to procure from Tobolskoi different articles, which greatly contributed to the improvement of his daughter's mind. The long winter evenings were devoted to the instruction of Elizabeth, who, seated between her parents, frequently read to them chosen passages out of history; Springer always endeavouring to direct her attention towards those parts which could elevate her mind; while her mother, Phedora, made her dwell upon the more affecting passages, wishing to render her tender and compassionate. The one, therefore, pointed out to her the advantages of

heroism and glory, while the other endeavoured to render her pious, patient, and benevolent. From the first, she, in consequence, was wont to be at once ardent and enterprising, and yet as docile and submissive as may be expected from piety and true religion.

But as soon as the snow began to yield to the power of the sun, upon the first appearance of returning vegetation, the whole family were busily employed in the cultivation of their garden. Springer dug up the ground, while Elizabeth sowed the seeds which Phedora had been preparing. Their little inclosure was surrounded by a plantation of alders and white cornel trees, and a species of white birch, much esteemed in Siberia, as its blossoms are the only ones that afford a fragrant scent. On the southern side of the garden, Springer had raised a sort of hot-bed, in which he cultivated, with particular care, various flowers unknown in that climate. When they were in full bloom, he gathered them, and, after pressing them to his lips, he generally adorned his daughter's hair with them, saying—"Elizabeth, these flowers are of thy native country; their fate resembles thine—like thee, they flourish in a foreign land: Oh! may thy end be more fortunate than theirs." Except when thus moved, he was always calm and silent respecting the cause of his misfortunes, and

frequently, he remained for hours buried in profound thought.

Seated upon a bench in his cottage, his eyes appearing fixed upon the same object, though his deep drawn sighs were convincing proofs how bitterly he bewailed his destiny, the caresses of his wife, and, more especially, those of his daughter, appeared at these times to increase his misery. Frequently did he take the latter in his arms, and after pressing her to his bosom, he would exclaim, gently pushing her to her mother, "Take this dear child away, my Phedora—her and your grief wound me to the soul. Oh! why did you persist in following me hither?—if you did not share my exile—were you still residing, honoured and respected in your native country, methinks I could end my days in Siberia without complaining."

Phedora seldom answered him but by her tears, as her look, her every word, and every action, bore testimony to the tender and sincere affection which attached her to her husband: indeed, existence would have proved a burden to her, had she been condemned to reside at a distance from him; nor could she feel miserable, while constantly blessed with his presence. Possibly, in former times, his rank in life, or the places he might hold under government, obliged him to be oftener than she

wished absent from home—since they had been in exile, they had never been asunder; therefore, had she not seen that he was miserable, she would have felt happy in Siberia.

Although Phedora was in her thirty-fourth year, she was still handsome: and, being devoted to her Creator, while she dearly loved her husband and her child, time could not efface the charms which virtue and innocence had imprinted on her countenance. She herself prepared every dish that she set before her husband: eager to anticipate his slightest wishes, she endeavoured to read them in his eyes, that she might gratify them before he could give them utterance. The greatest order, the most exact neatness, and even a degree of comfort, was apparent in their rustic abode, though the largest room was at once the kitchen, parlour, and bed-chamber of Phedora and her husband; it was warmed by a large Russian stove, and the walls were decorated with various pieces of embroidery and some very good drawings, the productions of this amiable woman and her daughter; and the windows were glazed, a luxury, which, though the climate is cold and inclement, is seldom to be met with in Siberia. Two light closets completed their habitation: Elizabeth slept in one, and the Tartarian peasant occupied the other, which also contained the kitchen ware and the garden tools.

On the week days, Phedora and her daughter found full employment in superintending their domestic concerns, and in making different articles of clothing out of the skins of the reindeer, which they died with a preparation from the bark of the birch, and then lined them with the thickest furs; but when Sunday arrived, Phedora grieved at being prevented from attending divine service; she, however, made it a rule to spend the day in prayers; she invoked her Heavenly Father in behalf of her husband and child; and she always found, after having thus poured forth her heart before the Creator of the Universe, that she had a greater flow of words, and frequently succeeded in consoling, at least for a time, her husband, who was infinitely more affected by their hopeless situation.

Having resided in this remote spot from the age of four years, the young Elizabeth had no recollection of her native country; in this desolate spot, she discovered beauties which nature bestows even in the most inhospitable climes; and as innocence finds pleasures every where, she amused herself with climbing the rocks which bordered the lake, in search of hawks' and white vultures' eggs, which build their nests there during the summer. Sometimes she ensnared wood-pigeons in a net, to fill a little aviary; at other times, she angled

for the corrasines, which moved in shoals in the lake below, whose purple shells, adhering to each other, appear through the water, like a sheet of fire, covered with liquid silver; it never occurring to her, during the happy days of her childhood, that there could be a lot more fortunate than her own. Her limbs were braced, and her health was fortified, by the keen air she breathed; and her figure was improved, as well as her growth, by continual exercise; while her countenance, always beaming with innocence and peace, seemed each day to acquire fresh charms.

Thus, far removed from the busy world, and from mankind, did this lovely girl improve in beauty and wisdom.

The most fervent affections are those which are least divided: thus, Elizabeth, knowing no one but her parents, consequently loving no one but them, absolutely idolized them; they had been the protectors of her infancy, the playfellows of her childhood, in short, had formed her only society; they had taught her every thing she knew; to them she was indebted for her amusements, in short, for every enjoyable sensation; and, sensible that to them she owed so much, she delighted in a dependence that she felt only through its benefits. Therefore, when reason and reflection succeeded to the heedlessness of childhood, she

remarked that her mother was often in tears, and that her father seemed unhappy; often did she inquire why they grieved, but they merely attributed their sorrow to regret at being at such a distance from their native country; but the name of this country, and the rank they had held in it, was carefully concealed from her, as they feared she might participate more sincerely in their heartfelt sorrow, if she ever learned the height from which they had fallen. From the moment, however, that she first remarked the affliction of her parents, her thoughts no longer flowed in the same train; indeed, the whole tenor of her life underwent a change; her former innocent amusements lost all their attractions—her birds were neglected, and her flowers were forgotten; she no longer fished in the lake; nay, she even ceased to row her little boat, in which she had formerly particularly delighted; but she now paced its banks, meditating profoundly on a scheme which fully occupied her mind; and sometimes, while seated on a projecting rock, she reflected upon the grief and anxiety of her parents, and on the means of alleviating both. They wept because they were exiled from their native country; where this country was situated, she longed to know; be that as it might, since they were miserable at a distance from

it, she could only think of the means proper to be pursued to accelerate their return thither.

Frequently did she raise her eyes to Heaven, to implore that assistance she could alone expect to derive from thence; often, while thus absorbed in mental prayer, remaining insensible to the snow which was falling in large flakes around her, notwithstanding that the wind, perhaps, drove them directly in her face; but, if she heard the voice of her parents, instantly did she obey their summons, ever eager to listen to the lessons of her father, or to assist her mother in their domestic avocations; but whether in their presence, or during her solitary rambles, whether engaged in reading, or occupied with her needle, one idea only pursued her, and kept constant possession of her mind, though she kept her project a profound secret, having resolved not to mention it till the moment of her departure should arrive.

She had at this early age resolved—yes, resolved, to tear herself from the embraces of her parents, and to proceed alone and on foot to Petersburg, to implore the emperor to pardon and to recall her father—such was the bold design which she had conceived; such was the daring enterprise, the dangers of which could not intimidate the heroic courage of this

young inexperienced female, notwithstanding she was perfectly aware of their magnitude; but her reliance upon the support of her Heavenly Father, and the ardour of her wishes, encouraged and induced her to hope, that she should overcome every impediment which might impede her progress. Nevertheless, as her scheme began to unfold itself, and when she seriously resolved to carry it into execution, her ignorance alarmed her: she had never passed the boundaries of the forest she inhabited—how, then, was she to find her way to Petersburg? how should she be able to travel through countries inhabited by people of whose language she was ignorant? besides, she would have no resource, but to subsist upon charity. To enable her to submit to this humiliation, she called to her aid those precepts of humility which her mother had so carefully inculcated; but then, she had so often heard her father lament the cruelty of mankind, that she dreaded being reduced to implore their compassion. She was, besides, too well acquainted with the tenderness of her parents, to flatter herself that they would ever consent to, much less assist her departure. It was not to them, she felt, that she ought in this instance to have recourse; but then, to whom could she apply, residing, as she did, in a desert, separated from the rest of the world? to whom

could she address her-self; since the entrance of her dwelling was forbidden to every human being? Still she did not despair, as the remembrance of an accident, to which her father had nearly fallen a victim, had convinced her that there was no place so desolate, in which the Giver of all goodness cannot hear the prayers of the unfortunate, and send them assistance.—Some years before, Springer had been rescued from the most imminent danger, which had assailed him upon one of the high rocks that form the boundary of Tobol, by the intrepidity of a young stranger. This brave youth was the son of M. de Smoloff, the governor of Tobol-koi: he came every winter to the plains of Ischimska, to shoot elks, sables, and sometimes bears, which are frequently seen in the environs of Saimka; while pursuing this dangerous sport, he had met Springer, and proved the means of saving his life; and, from that period, the name of Smoloff had never been mentioned in the abode of the exiles, but with reverence and gratitude. Elizabeth and her mother greatly regretted not being acquainted with their benefactor, never having been able to return him their thanks, or to call down a blessing upon his head in his hearing, though they daily offered up prayers for him to the throne of mercy, and continued to hope, at each return of the

shooting season, that chance might lead him to their hut; but vain were these expectations: its entrance had been forbidden to him, as well as to every one else; and he lamented not the restriction, never having seen the treasure which was sheltered under its humble roof. However, notwithstanding that she had never seen him, and was very uncertain whether she should, from the moment that Elizabeth became thoroughly convinced of the difficulty of commencing her journey without the assistance of some human being, her thoughts had often rested upon young Smoloff. Such a protector would have dissipated all her very natural terrors, and might have vanquished all the obstacles which seemed likely to oppose her design: indeed, who could be better calculated to give her all the information she required respecting her journey from Saimka to Petersburg? who was more likely to inform her, which would be the surest way of getting her petition delivered to the emperor? and should her flight irritate the governor of Tobolskoi, who was more likely than his son to soften his resentment, to move his compassion, and to prevent her parents from being made responsible for her transgression.

Thus did she reflect upon all the advantages which were likely to accrue from placing her confidence in young Smoloff: and as the win-

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ter drew near, she resolved not to suffer the shooting season to elapse, without taking some measures to inform herself, whether young Smoloff was in the neighbourhood; and if he was, she resolved to take an opportunity of seeing and speaking to him.

Springer had been so much affected by the terror that his wife and daughter had displayed during the mere recital of the danger he had incurred, that he had promised never again to engage in the pursuit of a bear, and never to extend his walks beyond the forest, except in pursuit of squirrels or ermines; but notwithstanding his promise, Phedora never saw him depart, with an avowed intention of proceeding to the plains, without the greatest anxiety; and during his absence, she felt so agitated, that she was frequently tempted to believe her fears to be the foreboding of some dreadful calamity.

A heavy fall of snow had been congealed into a solid mass by an intense frost, and completely covered the face of the earth, when, one fine morning in the month of December, Springer took his gun, and proposed to scour the neighbouring plains in quest of game. Before his departure, he embraced his wife and daughter, promising to return before the close of day; but night approached before he made his appearance. Since he had been indebted

to young Smoloff for his life, this was the first time he had failed to return according to promise. The terror of Phedora, therefore, knew no bounds; and Elizabeth, though she sought by every means to tranquillize her mind, sincerely shared in it; and she would have flown in search of her father, could she have resolved to leave her mother in such a dreadful state of suspense.

At length, however, the delicate and fearful Phedora, who had never ventured beyond the banks of the lake, roused to exertion by her increasing alarm, resolved to accompany her daughter in search of her husband, convinced that she should be able to brave every danger while upon such an errand. They, therefore, proceeded together through the underwood of the forest towards the plain. The cold was severe in the extreme; the firs appeared like trees of ice, as their branches were concealed under a thick hoar frost; a mist obscured the horizon, and the approach of night added to the gloom of every surrounding object; while the ground, smooth as the surface of a mirror, made the trembling Phedora slip at every step.

Elizabeth reared in this climate, and accustomed to brave the extremest severity of the weather, assisted her mother, and led her forward. Thus, a tree transplanted from its

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native land, languishes in a foreign soil ; while the young suckling which springs from its roots, early habituated to the new climate, soon acquires strength, flourishes, and in a few years sustains the branches of the trunk that nourished it—protecting by its friendly shade, the tree to which it is indebted for existence.

Before Phedora had reached the plain, her strength entirely failed her. “ My dear mother,” said Elizabeth, “ remain here, and suffer me to proceed alone to the edge of the forest ; if we delay any longer, the increasing darkness will prevent me from distinguishing my father in the plain.”

Phedora leaned against a fir, while her daughter hurried forward—and in a few seconds she reached the plain. Some of the monuments with which it was interspersed were very high. Elizabeth climbed up one of the most elevated, and with a heart full of grief, and eyes dim with tears, she looked around in vain for her father ; every thing was hushed and still—no sound broke upon her ear ; and, as the darkness increased, she was descending from her elevated situation, terror having nearly suspended her faculties, when the report of a gun roused her hopes. As she had never heard the sound but of her father’s, of course she conceived he was very near ; therefore rushing

towards the spot from whence the noise proceeded, she perceived behind a pile of rocks, a man in a bending posture, apparently seeking something on the ground. "My father, my dear father, is it you?" she exclaimed. He turned hastily towards her: it was not Springer; his countenance was youthful, and extremely handsome; and, upon perceiving Elizabeth, his amazement was apparent. "Oh! it is not my father," she resumed, in a tone of anguish; "but perhaps you have seen him on the plain: oh! can you tell me where to find him!"

"I know nothing of your father," replied the stranger; "but surely you ought not, at so late an hour, to be here alone: you run a great risk, and should not venture."

"Oh!" interrupted she, "I fear nothing but the not being able to find my father. As she spoke, she raised her eyes to Heaven; their expression displayed at once fortitude under affliction, and dignity united with softness, so much had her mind been strengthened by the project she had formed.

Never had the stranger seen, never had he, even in imagination, conceived, a figure like our heroine's; indeed, he was tempted to believe himself under the influence of a dream. When the first emotions of surprise had subsided, he inquired the name of her father.

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"Peter Springer," she replied.

"What," he exclaimed, "are you the daughter of the exile who resides in the cottage on the borders of the lake? I have seen your father—an hour has not elapsed since we separated; he talked of making a circuit before he went home, but he must have arrived ere this."

Elizabeth did not stay to hear any more, but ran back towards the spot where she had left her mother, calling to her in a gay tone, that the sound might re-animate her; but, upon reaching the fir against which she had left her leaning, Phedora was not to be seen. The terrified girl now made the forest resound with the names of her parents. A well-known voice answered her from the lake side. She redoubled her speed, and soon reached the cottage, at the door of which she found her father and mother, waiting with open arms to receive her. Their mutual embraces were followed by mutual explanations: each of them had returned home by a different road; but as they were once more united, they were once more happy; and not till then did Elizabeth perceive that the stranger had followed her.

Springer instantly recognized him, and said, in a tone of grief, "It is very late, M. de

Smoloff; but, alas! you know I am not at liberty to offer you an asylum even for a single night."

"M. de Smoloff!" exclaimed Elizabeth and her mother; "our benefactor! is it indeed he whom we behold?" falling at his feet; and while Phedora, unable to express her acknowledgments, watered them with her tears, Elizabeth thus addressed him—"M. de Smoloff, three years have now elapsed since you saved my father's life, and during that period, not a single day has elapsed, during which our fervent prayers have not been offered up to the Almighty, to beseech him to bless and reward you."

"Ah! your prayers have indeed been heard," replied Smoloff, with the most lively emotion, "since the Supreme Being has deigned to guide my footsteps hither; the little good I did deserved not such a reward."

It was, however, growing late, and the night had closed in extremely dark: to return to Saimka at such an hour was, therefore, on many accounts, rather dangerous, and Springer knew not how to refuse the rites of hospitality to his deliverer; but he had pledged his honour to the governor of Tobolskoi never to admit a guest under his roof, and to forfeit his word was a dreadful alternative: he therefore proposed to the young man to accompany him

back to Saimka. "I will light a torch," said he; "and as I am perfectly acquainted with every turn in the forest, and with all those paths which we must avoid, I think I can venture to promise to guide you thither in safety."

The terrified Phedora rushed forward to prevent him from departing; while Smoloff said, in a respectful tone, "Suffer me, Sir, to request your permission to remain your inmate till day-break. I am well acquainted with the restrictions you labour under, as well as with the motives which compel my father to treat you with such severity; but I am certain, that upon an emergency like the present, he would allow me to release you from your promise, as I am convinced that he will suffer me to repeat my visit, if only to return you his thanks for having granted me an asylum, to your own inconvenience."

Springer's scruples vanished; and, taking the youth by the hand, he led him into his cottage, and seating him by the stove, took his usual place near him, while Phedora and her daughter prepared the supper.

Elizabeth was dressed, after the fashion of the Tartarian peasants, in pantaloons made of the skin of the rein-deer, and a short petticoat of crimson cloth, looped up on the left side; while her hair, falling in graceful curls,

reached almost to the ground ; a close vest buttoned on the side, displayed to advantage the elegance of her form ; while her sleeves, turned back above the elbows, were not calculated to conceal the beauty of her arms. Indeed the simplicity of her dress seemed to enhance the mild dignity of her manners : nor did the particular grace of her movements escape the notice of the watchful Smoloff : who experienced an emotion, while following her with his eyes, which he had never felt before.

Elizabeth was scarcely less pleased with him ; the feelings she experienced were founded in gratitude, and upon the hope she entertained of his assisting her in the execution of the project she had formed ; since that Power which can alone dive into the inmost recesses of the heart, would not have found a single thought in that of Elizabeth, which was not devoted to her parents, to the exclusion (while they were miserable) of every other earthly attachment.

During supper, Smoloff informed his hosts, " that he had been three days at Saimka, where he had learnt that a great number of ravenous wolves infested the neighbourhood, and that it was in contemplation to commence a general chase, in the course of a few days, for the purpose of destroying them."

This intelligence made Phedora change

colour, while she expressed her hope that her husband would not join in this dangerous diversion; adding—"Surely you will not thus wantonly expose a life upon which mine depends."

"Alas! Phedora," exclaimed Springer, with a sensation of grief which he could not repress, "of what value is my life? were I no more, you would no longer be condemned to waste the prime of your life in this desolate place. My death would restore you and our daughter to your native country. Can you then—?"

Phedora interrupted him with an exclamation expressive of the anguish of her soul; while Elizabeth, rising from her seat, drew near him, and taking one of his hands, thus addressed him—"My dear father, reared, as you know I have been, in this forest, I can have no idea of any other country; and while you are with us, my mother and I are happy; but were we to lose you, I am certain we should be miserable, even were we to be removed to that country, which you so much regret."

"Possibly, M. de Smoloff," resumed Springer, after a short pause, "you may think that what my daughter has just said ought to console me under my misfortunes; unfortunately her words have a very contrary effect; since that virtue,

which should be my delight, increases my despair, when I reflect that it will be for ever concealed in this desert, in consequence of my exile; the certainty, therefore, that my Elizabeth will never be known, never meet with the admiration and the love so justly her due, adds fuel to my grief, and renders me more sensible of my own misfortunes.

His daughter hastily interrupted him—
 “ Oh! my father! standing, as I now do, between my mother and you, can you say I am not loved?”

Springer, unable to moderate his affliction, regardless of what she said, and even of whom he was addressing, thus continued—“ Never, my child, will you enjoy the happiness I receive from you, never will you hear the voice of a beloved daughter addressing you with such kind words of consolation; your life will be spent without a companion, and without enjoying any of the tender, the endearing ties of life; dear innocent victim, you are hardly sensible of the blessings which are withheld from you; but I, who no longer have the power of bestowing them upon you, I know and feel their value.”

During this scene, young Smoloff had in vain endeavoured to repress his tears; he had attempted, more than once, to break in upon

the afflicted father, but his voice had refused him utterance; at last, after a pause of some minutes, he said—"From the melancholy office which my father holds, you must be well aware, Sir, that I am no stranger to the sight of distress. Often have I travelled through the different districts under his extensive jurisdiction, containing more square miles than Germany, France, and Turkey in Europe, put together. Scarcely a day, during my pilgrimages, has passed, without producing some new spectacle of misery, either solitary or otherwise, with which I have been previously told that I must not venture to condole, though the distresses of the sufferers have often rent my heart since. What wretchedness have I not witnessed in the deserts of Beresow, upon the shores of the Frozen Sea: there I have seen men who neither enjoyed the society of friends or relations, who, consequently, were utter strangers to the soothing language of consolation, since, separated from the rest of mankind, they were not merely exiled—their misery admitted of no alleviation."

"Therefore, since Heaven has spared your child," said Phedora, addressing her husband in an accent of tender reproach, "ought you to complain so bitterly? were she to be taken from you, you could not grieve more."

Springer shuddered at the idea. Seizing

his daughter's hand, and pressing it with his wife's upon his bosom, he said, tenderly regarding them both—" Ah! Heaven is my witness that I feel I am not deprived of every blessing."

As soon as the morning dawned, young Smoloff took leave of the exiles. Elizabeth regretted his departure, as she was impatient to reveal her project to him, and request his assistance in bringing it to bear; but no opportunity had occurred to address him in private, her parents never having quitted the apartment, and she could not speak to him unobserved, in their presence. She trusted, however, that when she saw him again, she might be more fortunate; She said, therefore, when he took his leave, " Surely we shall see you again, Sir? I hope I shall be permitted to renew my thanks to the deliverer of my father."

Springer was surprised at the earnestness of her address, and felt rather uneasy; he reflected upon the orders of the Governor, resolving not to disobey them a second time; while Smoloff told Elizabeth, that he was certain of obtaining an exception from his father in his favour, and that he proposed returning that very day to Tobolskoi to solicit it: " But, Sir," he continued, turning to Springer, " when I wait upon him for this purpose, can I deliver

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any message from you? is there any favour you may also require at his hands?

"I have no request to trouble you with, Sir," replied Springer, with unusual gravity.

His guest appeared hurt and dejected; but turning to Phedora, he addressed her in nearly the same terms.

"Sir," she replied, "I should feel myself much obliged, if he would suffer me and my daughter to attend divine service on Sundays, at Saimka."

Smoloff made himself sure of obtaining this permission for her, and soon departed, followed by the blessings of the whole family, and the secret wishes of Elizabeth for his speedy return. During his walk back to Saimka, Smoloff could think only of her. He had been forcibly struck by her first appearance in the plain, and he had felt still more interested for her, during the scene which he had afterwards witnessed between her and her parents; and he now recalled to mind every word she had uttered, her looks, her manner, so unlike any thing he had ever before seen, and particularly did he dwell upon the last words he had heard her utter. But for her last address to him, a sort of respect, approaching to veneration, would have deterred him from presuming to love her, but the anxiety with which Elizabeth had expressed her wish to see him again, induced him

to suspect that she had been actuated by feelings similar to his own. His ardent and youthful imagination dwelt upon the idea, and tempted him to believe, that Providence, not chance, had brought about their unexpected meeting, and that a mutual sympathy now existed between them; he was therefore all impatience to read, in the innocent heart of Elizabeth, the confirmation of all his hopes. How far was he from guessing the sentiments which he was, on a future day, to discover there!

Since Smoloff's visit to the hut, Springer's melancholy appeared to have increased; he reflected upon the generosity, the courage and the gentleness of character, which this young man appeared to possess, and thought that such was the husband he would have chosen for his daughter; but her situation prevented him from dwelling upon the idea; therefore, far from wishing to see Smoloff again, he dreaded his return, since it would have been a far greater affliction than any he had yet experienced, to see his child the pining victim of a hopeless passion.

One evening, while absorbed in these unpleasant reflections, he was sitting, supporting his head between his hands, his elbows resting upon the stove; and so lost in thought respecting the future, that, unconsciously, he breathed a deep sigh. Phedora's needle fell

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from her hand, and fixing her tearful eyes upon her husband, with an expression of the most heartfelt pity, she implored heaven to inspire her with eloquence sufficient to pour the balm of consolation into his wounded soul.

Elizabeth, seated at a distance, considered each in turn, secretly rejoicing in the hope that the time might come when she should see them, by her means, restored to their former happiness; not doubting but that Smoloff would encourage and facilitate her enterprise. A secret instinct also assured her that he would do justice to her motives, and render her every assistance in his power; yet she feared that her parents, and particularly her mother, would refuse their consent to her departure; nevertheless she felt it would be impossible for her to set out unknown to them, as she neither knew the name of her country, nor the nature of the offence for which she was to supplicate the Emperor in their behalf. She, therefore, saw the necessity of communicating her intentions to them, and the present seemed to be a fit moment for the disclosure; therefore, bending one knee to the ground, she fervently implored the Almighty to incline her parents to consent to her wishes; and then, softly approaching her father, she stationed herself behind him, leaning upon the back of his chair; for some moments she remained silent, hoping

that he would perceive, and first address her; but as he neither moved nor spoke, she thus began—"Will you permit me, my dear father, to ask you a question?"

He raised his head, motioning her to proceed.

"When M. de Smoloff enquired the other day whether he could not be of any service to you, you answered in the negative; have you therefore no wishes for any thing?"

"Not for any thing that either he or his father could grant me."

"Who then could grant your wishes?"

"Equity and justice."

"Where are either of those to be found?"

"In Heaven, my child." As he ceased speaking, a deeper gloom overcast his brow, and he resumed his former melancholy position.

After a short pause, Elizabeth again broke the silence that prevailed, saying, in an animated tone, "My dear father and mother, I have this day completed my seventeenth year; this was the day on which I received from you a being, which will be valuable, indeed, in my estimation, if to you I am allowed to devote it: to you, whom my soul reveres and cherishes as the living images of my Creator. From the moment of my birth, not a day has elapsed unmarked by your benefits, unendeared by the

precious tokens of your love. Hitherto, the only return in my power to make has been gratitude and tenderness; but of what avail is my gratitude, if I do not prove it by my actions? of what avail is my tenderness, if I am not allowed to display it? Oh! my beloved parents, forgive the presumption of your daughter, if once in her life she endeavours to do for you, what from the hour of her birth you have never ceased to do for her—condescend, therefore, to trust her with the secret of your misfortunes.”

“My child, what is it you require?”—hastily demanded her father.

“That you would inform me of as much as it is needful for me to know, to be able to prove the extent of my regard for you. God alone is as yet acquainted with my motive for making such a request.” As she uttered these last words, she fell upon her knees before her father, raising her eyes towards him with a look of the most moving supplication; an expression so heroic, was visible through the tears which overflowed her face, and reflected an air so angelic upon the humility of her attitude, that a suspicion of her intention instantaneously darted across the mind of Springer. Unable to shed a tear, or to breathe a sigh, he remained silent, motionless, and awe-struck, as if in the presence of an

angel. The excess of his misfortunes had never effected him to such a degree as the words Elizabeth had uttered; his firm spirit, which had remained unbroken by adversity, was subdued by the voice of his child, and in vain did he attempt to strive against the emotions which overpowered him.

While Springer remained silent, Elizabeth continued kneeling before him. Her mother approached to raise her; having seen neither the movement, nor the look, which had revealed her secret to her father, of course she was far from suspecting the trial with which she was threatened. "Why," said she, "why do you hesitate to trust your child with the history of your misfortunes? Is it her youth that prevents you? Can you fear that the soul of our Elizabeth will be weakly depressed, by being made acquainted with our reverse of fortune?"

"No," replied Springer; "it is not her weakness that I apprehend."

From these words, and the expressive look which accompanied them, Elizabeth was convinced that her father understood her. She pressed his hand in silence, wishing him alone, as yet, to comprehend her purpose, as she was too well acquainted with the heart of her mother, not to feel anxious to keep her in ignorance of her intentions, as long as possible,

"Almighty God!" exclaimed Springer, "forgive my having dared to repine. I regretted the blessings of which I was deprived, not being aware of those which were still in store for me. Elizabeth, you have, in this one happy day, made me ample amends for twelve years of suffering."

"Never again my dear father, endeavour to make me believe that there is no real happiness on earth, since I have been so blessed as to make you, even for a moment, forget your misfortunes: but reveal to me, I conjure you, your name, that of your country, and the cause of your unhappy exile."

"Unhappy! I am so no longer. My country is, wherever I can reside with my daughter, and the name in which I glory is that of the father of Elizabeth."

"Oh! my child," interrupted the gentle Phedora, "I did not think that the regard which I have ever borne for you, could have admitted of increase; but I feel I love you more fervently, for having afforded consolation to your father."

At these words Springer's fortitude was entirely subdued: he burst into tears, and, pressing his wife and daughter to his heart, repeated in a voice broken with sobs, "Forgive me, Almighty God! forgive an ungrateful wretch, who has dared to murmur at thy de-

crees; and, if it is thy good pleasure, withhold the chastisement which my rashness has deserved."

When these violent emotions had a little subsided, Springer said to his daughter—"My child, I promise you that I will make you acquainted with every particular you wish to know; but you must have patience for some days—I cannot detail my misfortunes, at the moment you have taught me to forget them."

The obedient Elizabeth did not venture to press him any further, determining to wait with deference, till he should feel inclined to give her the promised information. In vain, however, did she wait for that propitious moment. Springer appeared to dread reverting to the subject, because he had guessed her intentions; and, though language was inadequate to express the gratitude and admiration with which it had inspired him, still his increasing regard for her, would not allow him to grant her the consent, he was well aware she would entreat; nor did he consider himself absolutely authorised to refuse it, as she certainly proposed adopting the only resource, from which he might hope to be re-established in his rights, and to replace Elizabeth in the rank to which she was born: but, when he reflected upon the fatigue she must endure, and the danger she

might incur, the bare idea of suffering her to depart, became insupportable. Readily would he have sacrificed his own life, to have reinstated his family in their former rank and possessions; but to risk that of his daughter in such an attempt, was a trial to which he felt his courage was unequal.

His prolonged silence instructed Elizabeth, respecting the line of conduct which she ought to pursue; feeling certain that he had guessed her intention, and that he had been more deeply affected by it than she had ever seen him, she was convinced it had not met with his approbation, since he so sedulously avoided reverting to the subject; indeed, when she seriously considered her scheme, it appeared so impracticable, that she feared her parents would consider it as the effusion of filial enthusiasm: in order, therefore, to place her project in a point of view more favourable to its execution, she must endeavour to represent it divested of some of the greater obstacles by which it was opposed; and to obtain this end, she must solicit the advice and assistance of Smoloff. Determining, therefore, to remain entirely silent upon the subject, and not to disclose her whole intentions, even to her father, till she had conversed with him, she awaited his return with increasing patience. Foreseeing, however, that her parents would of

course object to the difficulty, not to say the impossibility, of her undertaking to travel eight hundred leagues on foot, in the severest climate in the known world, she resolved by way of removing this difficulty, to inure herself to hardships and fatigue, and in consequence, daily exercised her strength in the plains of Ischimnska, wholly regardless of the weather, since neither when the snow, drifted by the wind with a violence that almost opposed her passage, nor when a thick mist nearly concealed the path before her, did she relinquish her resolution; sometimes persevering in her daily walks, even in contradiction to the wishes of her parents; thus accustoming herself, by degrees, to endure the inclemency of the weather.

During the winter season, Siberia is subject to sudden storms: frequently, when the sky appears the most serene, dreadful hurricanes instantaneously arise, and completely obscure the atmosphere: they are impelled from the opposite sides of the horizon, appearing like a war of winds; and, when they meet, the strongest trees in vain oppose their violence; in vain does the pliant birch bend to the ground — its flexible branches, with their trembling leaves, are broken and dispersed. The snow rolls down the sides of the mountains, bringing with it, enormous masses of ice, which break against the craggy points of the rocks; these last are

also broken in their turn, and the wind, sweeping away the fragments, together with those of the falling huts, in which the terrified animals have in vain sought shelter, raises them in the air, and then dashing them to the ground, strews the earth with that devastation and ruin which they occasion to every production of nature.

One morning in the month of January, Elizabeth was overtaken, by one of these terrible storms, in the plain near the little chapel; as soon, therefore, as the sudden darkness of the sky announced the approaching tempest, she sought shelter under its venerable roof; the violent gusts of wind soon shook this feeble edifice to its very foundation, threatening every succeeding moment to level it with the ground; nevertheless, Elizabeth, prostrate before the altar, was insensible to fear; the storm she heard destroying all around her, merely excited a reverential awe in her breast, caused by a natural reflection on the Omnipotent Being 'who rideth on the wings of the wind.' Her life might prove serviceable to her parents, and she, therefore, felt assured that Heaven would, for their sake, watch over and protect her, till she had obtained their recall from exile. This idea, which may be considered as bordering on superstition, originated solely in her filial piety; and it rendered Elizabeth so perfectly tranquil, that in the midst of raging elements, while the

thunder-bolts from above were falling around her, she yielded calmly to the heaviness which oppressed her, and lying down at the foot of the altar, before which she had been offering up her prayers, fell into as profound a slumber as she had ever enjoyed, during her childhood, in the arms of her father.

On this very day, Smoloff had returned from Tobolskoi; immediately after his arrival at Saimka, he hastily proceeded to the cottage of the exiles. He brought the permission Phedora had solicited; henceforth, she and her daughter were at liberty to attend divine service every Sunday at Saimka; but his father had been unable to grant the same indulgence to Springer, the orders from the court concerning him being more strict than ever; hence, even in suffering his son to see him once more, the governor of Tobolskoi had consulted his feelings rather than his duty, and had therefore exacted a solemn promise from the young man, that his present visit should be the last he would venture to make to Springer's cottage, under any pretence.

Smoloff was grieved to the soul at so much severity being displayed toward the father of Elizabeth; but, as he approached her abode, his melancholy sensations gave way to more joyful ones, and he thought less of the pain he should feel upon taking leave, under the

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cruel restriction which his father had imposed upon him, than of the delight he should enjoy in seeing her again.

But when upon entering the cottage, Smoloff in vain looked round for Elizabeth, and reflected that he might not be able, under any pretence to prolong his visit till her return, he found it impossible to conceal his chagrin and disappointment. in vain did Phedora express her heartfelt gratitude, blessing the hand which had re-opened for her the house of God, as well as preserved the life of her beloved husband. In vain did Springer style him the protector, the comforter of the afflicted. He made little or no reply to their kind speeches, seizing every opportunity to turn the discourse upon Elizabeth. His evident embarrassment partly betrayed the situation of his heart, which rendered him dearer to Phedora; his love for her daughter flattered her pride; and surely, no mother had more reason to be proud of a child.

Springer though no less sensible of the merit of his daughter, fearful that she might also discover the visible partiality of the young man, which might disturb her peace, reminded Smoloff of the obedience due to his father, in the hope of inducing him to terminate a visit which the youth evidently sought to prolong—till the rising storm made the parents tremble

for the safety of their child. "Elizabeth! what will become of my Elizabeth?" cried the agonized mother.

Springer took his stick in silence, and opened the door to go in search of his daughter. Smoloff rushed after him.

The tempest raged with the most terrific violence on every side. The trees were torn up by the roots, and to attempt to cross the forest would be extremely hazardous. In vain, however did Springer remonstrate with Smoloff; he was as well aware of the danger he was likely to incur as his more experienced companion; but he rejoiced, that chance afforded him an opportunity of braving the storm in search of Elizabeth, as it was certainly a proof of that affection, which he could hardly have dared, so prematurely, to have declared to her by any other means.

Having proceeded in silence, till they had nearly reached the middle of the forest, "On which side shall we turn?" asked Smoloff.

"Let us proceed toward the plain," replied Springer. "She walks there every day, and I hope she has sought a refuge in the chapel."

They said no more, each feeling too anxious to converse; therefore, stooping to shelter their heads from the blows of the broken boughs,

and from the fragments of rock which the wind sent in all directions, they proceeded as quickly as the snow, which beat full in their faces, would suffer them to do. Upon reaching the plain, they were no longer in danger of being hurt by the falling of the trees; but, in so exposed a situation, they were sometimes driven backwards, and at others thrown down by the violence of the tempest. At last they reached the chapel, in which they hoped Elizabeth had sought a shelter; but when they beheld it from afar, and perceived its walls, merely consisting of slightly-joined planks, shaking with every blast of wind, and appearing ready to fall every moment, they shuddered at the idea of her being within them. Animated, however, by more than parental fear, Smoloff flew forwards, and was the first to enter the weak edifice; where to his inconceivable astonishment—indeed he almost fancied himself under the influence of a dream—he saw Elizabeth, not terrified, pale and trembling, but in a profound sleep before the altar. Struck with amazement, he stopped, and silently directed Springer's eyes towards the sleeping girl; when each, impelled by similar sentiments of veneration, fell on their knees, by the side of what to them appeared an angel reposing under the immediate protection of Heaven. The father bent over his child, while Smoloff modestly

retreated, so truly did he respect such real innocence.

Elizabeth soon awoke, and upon beholding her father, threw herself into his arms, exclaiming—"Ah! I knew you were watching over me."

Springer pressed her to his heart with indescribable emotion. "My dear child," said he, "what agonizing terror you have occasioned your mother and me!"

"Forgive me, my dear father, for having so cruelly alarmed you both, and let us hasten to relieve my mother's anxiety."

Upon rising, she perceived Smoloff:—"Ah!" said she, in an accent of surprise and pleasure, "all my protectors have, then, been watching over me—Heaven, my father, and you."

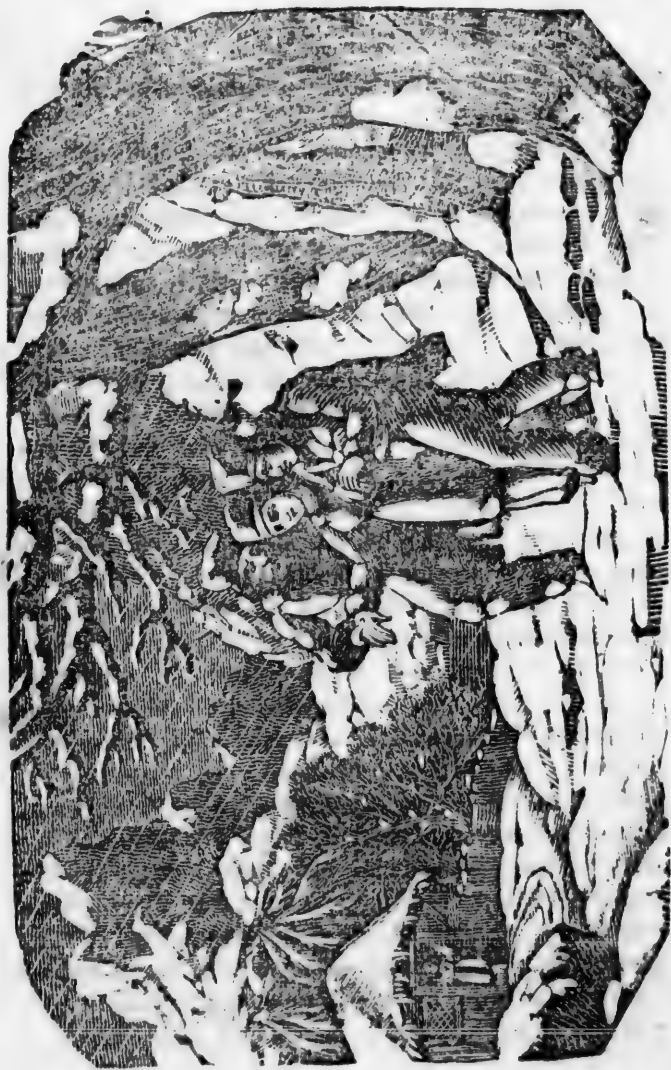
With difficulty did her transported lover repress the emotions of his heart.

Springer resumed:—"My dear girl, you talk of rejoining your mother, without reflecting upon the possibility of your being able to do so, or whether you will be able to resist the violence of the storm, which M. de Smoloff and myself may be deemed to have miraculously braved."

"Let us try," she replied; "I am stronger than you suppose; and am rejoiced that such an opportunity is afforded me of convincing you, that I am capable of the greatest exertions,

when they can contribute to the consolation of either my mother or you."

As she spoke, unwonted courage beamed in her eyes; and Springer was convinced that she still persevered in the heroic determination she had formed. She now prepared to return, taking her father's arm, and equally accepting the support of Smoloff, who was even more eager than Springer to shelter her head with his wide mantle; and how greatly obliged did he feel to the awful thunder, and to the boisterous wind, which frequently obliged Elizabeth to lean all her weight against him. He had no fears for himself; indeed, he would gladly have exposed his own life to still greater dangers, to prolong these extatic moments; and he was even divested of dread upon Elizabeth's account, as he was in a frame of mind to have defied even the combined elements from injuring her. The sky however, began to resume its serenity, and the wind lulled by degrees. Springer recovered his spirits, in proportion as those of Smoloff were depressed, Elizabeth having drawn from his supporting arm, choosing to proceed unassisted, as she was desirous of braving, before her father, the remainder of the storm; feeling proud of her strength, and anxious to give him a proof of it, in the hope of convincing him, that it was not likely to fail when she should set out upon



Elizabeth, supported by her Father and Lover through a storm.

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her perilous journey, as she felt assured that she could have gone with ease to the remotest extremity of the earth, to implore the Emperor to recal him from Siberia.

Phedora received them all three with open arms, returning thanks to that Power who had watched over them in the hour of danger; and even took upon herself to console her daughter, who was extremely distressed at having, in some respects, by her imprudence, occasioned her so many tears. She next dried her wet garments, and, taking off her fur cap, smoothed her ruffled hair; and though Elizabeth was in the daily habit of receiving such assistance from her mother, her affectionate heart felt an increase of gratitude, even for the most trivial attention her parents paid her; and Smoloff was upon this occasion so much obliged to Phedora, that he conceived the becoming her son, by marrying her daughter, would even increase the rapture he should feel, dare he hope, one day, to address Elizabeth as his wife.

The storm having entirely subsided, as the evening was closing in, Springer pressed his guest's hand, and with a sensation of grief, blended with gratitude, reluctantly hinted, that it was time for him to depart; and Elizabeth now understanding that this was a farewell visit, the colour forsook her cheeks, and her embarrassment was too visible to escape ob-

Elizabeth, supported by her Father and Lover through a storm.



servation : " What ! " she cried, " shall I never see you again ? "

" Oh ! I hope we shall often meet again, " he eagerly replied ; " since, as long as you inhabit these deserts, and my time is at my own disposal, I propose remaining at Saimka ; therefore, I shall see you at church, upon the plain, or on the borders of the lake ; wherever, in short, I am fortunate enough to meet with you. "

A moment's reflection induced him to cease speaking, as he was hardly aware of the extent of his regard for our heroine, till his heart had thus given utterance to his feelings. Elizabeth by no means understood them ; she merely rejoiced at the likelihood there was of seeing him again, because she grew daily more anxious to consult him respecting her enterprize ; and as she resolved to seize the first opportunity that offered for that purpose, she the less regretted his present departure.

When Sunday arrived, Elizabeth and her mother, after an early breakfast, set out for Saimka. Springer saw them depart with a feeling of regret, as this was the first time he had ever remained alone in the cottage, since his arrival in Siberia ; he nevertheless affected to participate in their innocent satisfaction ; blessing them both very fervently, and recommending them to the protection of that God

whom they were going to implore, The day was very fine, and the Tartarian peasant was their guide through the forest to Saimka. The walk proved delightful.

As this was the first time they had ever appeared at church, every eye was directed towards them, upon their entrance; but theirs were modestly cast down, as they only came to worship the Giver of all goodness, towards whom their thoughts were entirely directed: therefore advancing towards the altar, they knelt before it, offering up their sincere supplications for the same object; and if those of Elizabeth were more comprehensive than her mother's, they were both, doubtless, heard with equal indulgence. During the time of divine service, Elizabeth did not remove the veil which concealed her face; indeed, her thoughts were so entirely engrossed by her Creator and her parents, that they did not extend even to him, from whom she hoped for protection. The pious concert of voices which chaunted the sacred hymns, made a profound, and almost extatic impression upon her, having never before heard any, much less sacred, music; she, therefore, almost fancied she saw the heavens opening, and an angel descending to guide her on her journey: this vision, arising from the enthusiasm of an ardent imagination, lasted as long as the music struck her de-

lighted ear; when that ceased, she raised her head; and the first object that arrested her attention was young Smoloff, leaning against one of the pillars, at a little distance, with his eyes intently fixed on her; he, therefore, appeared to her as her guardian angel, descended from the spheres to assist her in the deliverance of her father; and, in consequence, she regarded him in her turn with confidence and gratitude: Smoloff was delighted, as her looks appeared to be in unison with his feelings, and he felt grateful at being again permitted to behold her, and still more so for having, as he hoped, made a lasting impression upon her mind. Upon leaving the church, he proposed to Phedora to drive her to the entrance of the forest in his sledge. She readily consented, as she should, by this means, the sooner rejoin her beloved Springer: but Elizabeth felt greatly mortified by this arrangement; as she had flattered herself, that, during their walk, admitting Smoloff accompanied them, some opportunity would have occurred of addressing him in private; in a carriage she knew it would be impossible, as it would have been absurd even to hint at what was ever uppermost in her mind, before her mother, who being as yet in ignorance of her design, would doubtless, upon its first disclosure, reject the mere idea with terror; and, what was still more to be feared, would, she made no

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doubt, absolutely forbid Smoloff from affording her any assistance ; yet ought she to lose such an opportunity for mentioning her scheme to him, as possibly none equally favourable might ever again occur ? Thus was her mind agitated and perplexed ; and the sledge had already reached the borders of the forest, which Smoloff had declared he dare not enter ; but unable to summon up sufficient resolution to leave Elizabeth so soon, he drove on till they reached the banks of the lake ; there, however, he was obliged to stop. Phedora alighted the first ; and, taking his hand, said—" Will not you sometimes walk this way ?"

Elizabeth, who was following her mother, whispered, in a hurried voice—" No, not this way ; but let me see you to-morrow near the little chapel in the plain."

Thus did she innocently appoint a meeting, without being aware of the interpretation Smoloff might give to her words : her thoughts being as usual, centered in her father ; however, reading in the expressive countenance of her lover, that her request had been heard, and would be granted, her's brightened with joy ; and while she and her mother proceeded towards their cottage, Smoloff drove back to Saimka, in imagination the happiest of men, since, after what he had heard, he no longer doubted being beloved by Elizabeth ; and,

with the knowledge he had of her, this certainty could not fail of creating the most lively emotions of joy. He had never seen her equal in point of beauty; and in the presence of her Maker, before whom he had lately seen her prostrate, she appeared the image of piety and innocence. He had also seen repeated proofs of the tenderness of her heart, in her conduct towards her parents; he had been the happy means of preserving her father's life, and from that circumstance conceived that gratitude had paved the way in her heart for love; and as she was truly the pupil of nature, she was too candid and ingenuous to have acquired the art of concealing her sentiments. Yet he felt astonished at her wishing to see him, unknown to her parents; but he easily found excuses for an indiscretion which he dared to attribute to an excess of love. It was not, however, with the embarrassment generally attendant upon stolen meetings of this nature, but with all the security of unsuspecting innocence, that Elizabeth repaired on the following morning to the chapel. Her steps were lighter, and her pace was swifter than usual, for she considered what she was doing as the first movement towards the liberation of her father. The sun shone with splendour on the snowy plains, and thousands of icicles, which hung suspended from the branches of the trees, reflected its bright

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image in various forms of beauty and grandeur : but even the clear and brilliant lustre which proceeded from its rays, was less pure and less noble than the soul of our heroine. She hastily entered the chapel. Smoloff was no where to be seen. This delay disturbed her ; a slight gloom overspread her countenance, not occasioned by disappointed vanity, nor by the fear of her love being less ardently returned. No passion, no weakness could at this moment find a place in the heart of Elizabeth ; she only dreaded that some accident, or that some unforeseen circumstance, might have prevented Smoloff from keeping his appointment. With fervency, therefore, did she implore her heavenly Protector not to prolong the perplexity she had for such a length of time endured.

While she was thus employed, Smoloff arrived, and was astonished to find that she had preceded him ; he had hastened upon the wings of love, and that passion is certainly calculated to quicken the movements of its votaries : but Elizabeth, in this instance, afforded a proof, that virtue, in the performance of its duty, is swifter than even the most passionate lover, in its emotions and resolves.

Upon perceiving Smoloff, she raised her eyes and hands to Heaven, in token of gratitude : then turning towards him with a graceful

and expressive motion—"Ah! Sir," she cried, "how impatiently have I expected you!" This speech, added to the expression of her countenance, and to her having preceded him to the chapel, confirmed the delighted youth in the belief that he was beloved; and he was on the point of declaring how fervently and how sincerely her passion was returned, had she not, by proceeding with her discourse, prevented him from speaking.

"I have sought this opportunity of seeing you, M. de Smoloff, because I wish to implore your assistance, in an attempt I propose making to restore my father to liberty: will you promise me your aid and your advice.?"

These few words completely overturned all the ideas of happiness which our lover had formed. Distressed and embarrassed, he became aware of the error into which his growing passion, stimulated, by a small degree of vanity, had led him; but his disappointment did not lessen his regard for Elizabeth; he therefore fell upon his knees—before God, our innocent heroine supposed—but it was to her he thus did homage, while he swore to perform every thing she required: which induced her thus to resume the subject—"Since the first dawn of reason enlightened my soul, my parents have been the sole objects of my thoughts, their love has been my greatest blessing, and

to contribute to their happiness has been my only wish. They are miserable; Heaven has, I hope, appointed me to afford them relief, since it has led you hither to assist me in the fulfilment of my design. My intention is to proceed to Petersburg, to solicit my father's pardon." Smoloff's gestures were expressive of the greatest surprise, as to him such an undertaking appeared impossible. She felt his silent disapprobation of her project, which did not prevent her from thus proceeding—"I cannot tell you how long I have had this design in contemplation, since it appears to me that I received it with my existence: it is the first idea that I ever formed, and in my sleeping as well as waking moments, it always pursues me: it has always occupied me when with you, it induced me yesterday to request to see you here, and has inspired me with sufficient courage to dread neither fatigue, poverty, opposition, nor even death; indeed, so bent am I upon leaving Siberia, that I should even feel inclined to disobey my parents, were they to refuse their consent to my departure; of course, Sir, it would be in vain to remonstrate with me—a resolution like the one I have formed is not to be shaken."

All the flattering hopes of our young lover were now completely annihilated, but his admiration soared far beyond the powers of de-

scription. Such heroism, in a person of Elizabeth's age and sex, was so greatly above any thing he had ever imagined, that his tears, which he did not endeavour to restrain, were occasioned by a sensation scarcely less delightful than the transports of requited love. "Ah!" said he, "you cannot conceive how happy you have rendered me, in thus selecting me for your guide and counsellor; but you are not aware of the serious obstacles——"

"Two only have tended to discourage me," interrupted Elizabeth, "and perhaps no one could remove them so effectually as you may do."

"Then only tell me what they are," he replied, impatient to render himself useful to her, "since it is impossible for you to require any thing of me, that I would not undertake to perform."

"The obstacles I allude to are these," rejoined Elizabeth: "I am a stranger to the road I ought to take, and my flight may injure my father; this last has infinitely more weight with me than the former, since on you I rely for every instruction respecting my journey; you must have the goodness to inform me what towns I am to go through, and what monasteries or hospitals, founded for the relief of indigent travellers, I am likely to meet with; you must also tell me what method I ought to pursue to

get my petition presented to the Emperor : but, first of all, can you assure me, that your father will not punish mine for suffering me to depart upon such an errand ?”

Smoloff readily pledged his word for his father's forbearance : “ But, Elizabeth,” he proceeded, “ you are not aware how extremely the Emperor is prepossessed against your father, since he positively considers him as his most inveterate enemy.”

“ I am ignorant,” she replied, “ what crimes are laid to his charge, since I do not know either his real name, or that of his country ; nevertheless, I am convinced of his innocence.”

“ How !” resumed the still more astonished Smoloff, “ do you neither know the rank your father held, nor the name by which he was distinguished.”

“ Neither,” she replied, with the most affecting air of simplicity.

“ Wonderful !” he exclaimed ; “ then neither pride no ambition have suggested an enterprise, to which your whole soul appears devoted, You are unacquainted with what may be the result of your project—the happiness of your parents is your only object—but what is grandeur of birth, when compared to a soul like yours ? even the illustrious name of——”

“ Stop !” she hastily interrupted ; “ the

secret you are going to reveal properly belongs to my father, and from him alone must I learn it."

" True, replied Smoloff, in a tone of enthusiastic admiration, " since you are the very soul of honour, and your delicacy appears to have been born with you."

Elizabeth interrupted his effusions, by enquiring, when he would give her the information necessary for her expedition ?

" I will do so as soon as possible : but it is a matter which requires consideration, since I can hardly suppose, Elizabeth, that you will ever be able to traverse the 2,000 miles, which divide the circle of Ischimska from the province of Ingria, alone, on foot, and unprovided with money."

" Ah !" exclaimed Elizabeth, bending before the altar, " He who has inspired me with a wish to succour my parents, will not abandon me."

After a short pause, Smoloff resumed : " At all events, you cannot think of undertaking such a journey before the long days of summer : indeed it would be absolutely impracticable, since, in a few weeks more, you would not be able to proceed, even in a sledge, across the marshy damp forests of Siberia, which will be, ere then, completely inundated. But I will see you again in a few days, Elizabeth ;

I shall then be able to give you my real opinion concerning this project, which has both affected and surprised me to such a degree, that I am incapable at present of forming a sound judgment respecting it. I will return to Tobolskoi, to consult my father; he is one of the best of men, since, believe me, the situation of the exiles would be much more miserable, were he not governor of this district; and no one is more capable of justly valuing a noble action; his duty to his sovereign may indeed prevent him from affording you any assistance, but I am ready to pledge my honour, that so far from punishing your father for having given existence to a daughter so virtuous, he would glory in having such a child. Elizabeth, forgive my presumption; but, against my will, I feel myself obliged to open my heart to you—though I am sensible that you are not at present in a frame of mind to return my regard; but should the day arrive when your parents, happy and restored to their native country, shall no longer require your heroic exertions, may I hope that you will recollect, that in these deserts, Smoloff saw and adored you: and that he would have preferred a life of obscurity and poverty with Elizabeth in exile, to becoming the favourite of his monarch, if doomed to reside at a distance from her?" He would have said more, but tears choked his

utterance. He was amazed at this excess of emotion. Never before had he given way to such weakness, but then, never before had he really loved.

Elizabeth had remained motionless during his unexpected declaration. Indeed, the idea of any besides filial love was to her so new, that she scarcely understood his meaning. Possibly she would have been less surprised, had her heart been more at ease. Had her parents been happy, then she might have returned Smoloff's fervent love ; and even now she felt, that were they, as he had pictured, to be restored to their native country, and to be happy, she might then love him, from whose assistance she hoped to derive such benefit ; but, while they remained in affliction, she was convinced that they alone would keep possession of her heart.

She had, it is known, never mixed in society, of course she was a stranger to its forms and customs ; nevertheless, that innate sense of decorum which is ever the attendant upon real virtue, taught her no longer to remain alone with a man, who had presumed to make her a declaration of love ; she was preparing, in consequence, to leave the chapel, when Smoloff, perceiving her design, said—"Elizabeth, have I offended you ? Believe me—nay, I call upon Heaven to witness my assertion, that the respect

I feel for you is as great as my love. Indeed, were you to command it, never more would I presume to address you upon the subject; therefore, surely you cannot feel offended at my having involuntarily revealed to you the feelings of my heart."

"You have not offended me," she calmly replied; "but as I came hither merely to inform you what I have in contemplation for the relief of my parents, having done so, I can have nothing more to say: I am therefore going to rejoin them."

"Far be it from me to prevent you from fulfilling your duty, incomparable girl: indeed I mean to devote myself wholly to your service, that you may be able to accomplish the heroic project you have formed." He then promised to give her, on the following Sunday, at Saimka, all the instructions and observations, which might prove useful to her, during her journey. After which they separated, each looking forward with eager expectation to their next meeting,

At last, Sunday again dawned, and Elizabeth joyfully accompanied her mother to Saimka; her impatience to see Smoloff again, having increased from this short delay, as she felt extremely anxious to receive the information which might accelerate her departure. But the service ended without Smoloff having made

his appearance ; she therefore grew uneasy, and while her mother continued praying, she enquired of an old woman near her, whether M. de Smoloff was in church ?

“ No,” replied the aged matron, “ he left Saimka two days ago for Tobolskoi.”

Elizabeth was dismayed, as she seemed doomed to be disappointed at the very moment when she had hoped all her doubts and fears would be removed ; and now a thousand different terrors assailed her : since Smoloff had left Saimka without remembering his promise, what reason had she to suppose that he would remember it at Tobolskoi ; and admitting that he did, how could he contrive to give her the wished for information. These thoughts haunted her all day, and at night, oppressed by sorrow and disappointment (which she felt the more from having no one to whom she could communicate her distress, having on the contrary, exerted all her energy to conceal it from the observation of her parents,) she retired early to her little room, that she might, free from restraint, give a loose to her tears.

No sooner had she quitted the room, than Phedora, drawing her seat nearer to her husband, said—“ Do you participate in the uneasiness which disturbs my peace ? Have you remarked the alteration which has taken place in our Elizabeth ? even in our presence, she is

absent and uneasy ; the name of Smoloff heightens her colour, and his absence affects her. This morning at church, her eyes wandered on all sides ; and I heard her enquire whether Smoloff was at Saimka, and perceived her turn as pale as death upon being informed he was gone to Tobolskoi. Oh ! Stanislaus, I well remember, that during those happy days which preceded our union, I also changed colour when your name was pronounced in my hearing ; my eyes also sought you in every place, and filled with tears when they did so in vain. I am therefore convinced, that these are symptoms of no transient attachment. How, then, can I remark them in my Elizabeth without dread ? Alas ! she is not destined to be happy like her mother."

" Happy ?" retorted Springer, in an accent of bitterness, " happy in a desert, and in exile,"

" Yes, in a desert, in exile—in every place where I am blest with the society of him I love," replied Phedora, pressing his hand to her lips ; but soon resuming her former subject, she said, " I fear my Elizabeth loves young Smoloff ; and beautiful as she certainly is, he will only consider her in the light of the daughter of a poor exile, and perhaps disdain her affection ; my child, my only child, will expire with grief when she finds her love so ill re-

quited." Tears prevented her from proceeding, and even the society of her husband, which had consoled her, under all her own afflictions, could not remove the fears she entertained for her daughter's future happiness.

Springer, after a few moments' reflection, thus replied—"Phedora my beloved, be comforted. I have likewise studied our Elizabeth, and, perhaps, I am better acquainted with what is passing in her soul. Another idea, and not that of Smoloff, entirely engrosses it. Of this I am convinced; and I am also certain, that were we even to offer her to Smoloff, he would not disdain the gift, even in this desert; and his present regard for her will render him deserving of her, if ever —, and I trust the time will arrive. Elizabeth will not always remain secluded in this desert; her virtue is not doomed to waste itself in obscurity; she was not born to be miserable. So much goodness upon earth, is a proof of the justice of Heaven, and sooner or later it will be still further manifested."

This was the first time since his exile, that Springer had given way to hope respecting the future; Phedora therefore conceived the most pleasing presages from this circumstance; and feeling re-assured by what he had said, she went to rest with her usual composure.

During the ensuing two months, Elizabeth went every Sunday to Saimka, in the hope of seeing Smoloff; but vain were her expectations, since he never appeared; and at last she learnt by chance that he had left Tobolskoi. All her hopes now vanished, for she no longer doubted his having entirely forgotten her: and frequently this idea occasioned her floods of bitter tears: but the purest innocence could not have reproached her with her sorrow, since it was not occasioned by unrequited love.

Towards the end of April, the snow began to yield to the rays of the sun, and a verdant shade to diffuse itself over the sandy islands of the lakes. The white blossoms of the thorn quickly covered its boughs, resembling flakes of newly-fallen snow; while the blue-budded campanella, the downy mothwort, and the iris, whose pointed leaves rise perpendicularly, enamelled the ground around its roots. The blackbirds came down in flocks upon the naked trees, and were the first to interrupt the mournful silence of winter; sometimes a beautiful Persian duck, of a rose colour, with a tufted head and ebony beak, was seen sporting on the banks or surface of the lake; (this bird utters the most lamentable cries when aimed at by a sportsman, although his aim misses:) and woodcocks of various species, some black with

yellow beaks, others of a brown colour, with long legs, and a pile of feathers round their necks, ran swiftly along the marshy grounds, or hid themselves among the rushes. All nature, in fine, announced an early spring for the climate; and Elizabeth foreseeing all she should lose, were she to suffer a year so favourable for her expedition to elapse, formed a bold resolution of undertaking her proposed journey, unassisted by the advice of any one, trusting, for its success, to Heaven and her own courage.

One morning, while Springer was employed in digging his garden, Elizabeth, who was sitting near him, regarded him in silence. He had not yet confided to her the secret of his misfortunes. Indeed she no longer sought his confidence: a sort of delicate pride had arisen in her soul, which had made her desirous of remaining in ignorance of the rank in life which her parents had held, till the moment of her departure; she had therefore resolved not to enquire from what height they had fallen, till she could say, in answer to their communications, "I am going to solicit that pardon, which, if granted, will restore to you all you have lost." Till now, she had dwelt upon the promises of Smoloff, as on them she had founded her reasonable hopes of success; but this support having failed her, her sanguine

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imaginations suggested others, which made her
 resolve to reveal her intention to her father :
 before, however, she ventured to do so, she
 reflected upon all the obstacles that would be
 presented in opposition to her scheme, and
 they were not of small magnitude; she was
 well aware, since Smoloff had appeared alarmed
 at them, and she was well convinced that the
 tenderness of her parents would even exag-
 gerate them. What answers could she, or
 rather ought she make to their remonstrances,
 their intreaties, and perhaps their commands?
 What must she say, should they assure her,
 that the pleasure of revisiting their native coun-
 try, could not compensate them, for the alarm
 they would suffer during the absence of their
 child? Forgetting, during these reflections,
 that her father was near, she burst into tears,
 whilst she fell upon her knees, to implore the
 Almighty to grant her sufficient eloquence to
 enable her to confute their arguments.

Springer, who heard her sobs, turned has-
 tily, and running towards her, raised her from
 the ground, asking— "Elizabeth, what is the
 matter? what has befallen you? tell me what
 has occasioned this burst of sorrow? that, if
 unable to console you, I may at least mingle
 my tears with yours."

"Oh? my father," she replied, "detain
 me no longer here: you are acquainted with

my wishes; suffer me, therefore, to depart, since I feel as if called upon from Heaven."

She was interrupted by the young Tartarian, their attendant, who running towards them, cried, "M. de Smoloff—M. de Smoloff is within."

Elizabeth uttered a scream of joy. Seizing her father's hand, she pressed it to her heart exclaiming—"I hope you are now convinced, that mine is a call from above, since the Omnipotent has sent him who will open the road for me, and remove every obstacle. Oh! my father, your daughter will yet be able to break the chains which retain you a prisoner."

Without waiting for an answer, she flew to see Smoloff. In her way towards the house, she met her mother, whom she seized by the arm; and, after embracing her, cried—"Let us go in—he is returned—M. de Smoloff it within."

Upon entering the cottage, they perceived a gentleman, about fifty years of age, in regimentals, who was surrounded by several other officers. The mother and daughter, in silent amaze, made a sudden stop.

This is M. de Smoloff, said the young Tartarian.

At these words, all Elizabeth's newly-raised hopes were a second time destroyed. She turned pale, and her eyes filled with tears.

Phedora, shocked at the excess of her daughter's emotion, placed herself before her, to conceal it from general observation; and happy would the afflicted mother have esteemed herself, if the sacrifice of her life could have restored her daughter to her former serenity of mind, as she feared she was indeed the victim of a hopeless passion.

The governor of Tobolskoi, having dismissed his suite, said, turning towards Springer—"Sir, since the court of Russia deemed it prudent to condemn you to banishment, this is the first time I have visited this remote spot: and my duty is now rendered pleasing, since it affords me an opportunity of testifying to so illustrious an exile, how sincerely I feel for his misfortunes, and how deeply I regret, that duty forbids me offering that assistance and protection I should otherwise so gladly bestow."

"I expect nothing from men, Sir," coldly replied Springer; "I wish not for their commiseration, as I hope nothing from their justice; indeed, I rejoice that my misfortunes have placed me at a distance from them, since that will enable me to enjoy a degree of content even in these deserts."

"Ah! Sir, interrupted the governor, with emotion, "I must still lament that a man like you should live an exile from his country."

"I should be still more to be pitied," replied Springer, "were I doomed to die in exile." He paused, for had he said another word, he might have shed a tear; and the illustrious sufferer seemed to appear superior to his misfortunes.

Elizabeth, concealed behind her mother, timidly stole a glance at the governor, anxious to discover whether his countenance was indicative of sufficient goodness of heart, to induce her to disclose her project to him. Thus the fearful dove, before it ventures to leave its nest, raises its head among the surrounding leaves, to consider whether the appearance of the sky promises a serene day.

The governor remarked, and immediately guessed who she was; his son had often mentioned her to him, and the portrait he had drawn was too faithful a resemblance of Elizabeth, to admit of his father's mistaking her for another. "Young lady," said he, "my son has frequently mentioned you to me; you have made an impression on his mind, that time will never efface."

"Did he tell you, Sir, that she is indebted to him for the life of a father?" hastily interrupted Phedora.

"No, Madam," was the reply: "but he told me how eager she was to devote her's to her father and you."

"I have long known that she was," rejoined Springer; "and her affectionate regard is the only blessing we have now left, the only one of which mankind has not been able to deprive us."

The governor turned aside to conceal his emotion, and after a short pause, again addressing Elizabeth—"Young lady; two months ago, my son, who was then at Saimka, received an order from the Emperor to rejoin the army, then assembling in Livonia. He was obliged to obey immediately; but before his departure, he conjured me to send a letter to you: that was impossible, as I could not, consistent with my duty, dispatch a messenger with it; I could only deliver it myself—and now his commission shall be executed," presenting her with a letter, which she received with a blushing countenance; while the governor, perceiving the surprise of her father and mother, exclaimed, "Blessed are the parents from whom a daughter conceals only such secrets." He then recalled his attendants, and in their presence said to Springer,—"Sir, the commands of my sovereign still prevent me from allowing you to receive any one here; nevertheless, if any poor missionaries, (who, I am informed, must cross these deserts on their return from the frontiers of China,) should knock at your door to beg a night's lodging, you are permitted to receive

them." So saying, after taking a polite leave, the governor departed.

Elizabeth remained with her eyes fixed upon the letter she held in her hand, not daring to open it.

"My child," said Springer, "if you are waiting for your mother's and my permission to read your letter, you have it."

With a trembling hand Elizabeth broke the seal; and as she read it to herself, she made frequent exclamations of gratitude and joy, when, having at last finished it, she threw herself into the arms of her parents, saying—"The moment is arrived—every circumstance contributes to favour my enterprise; Heaven approves and blesses my intentions; surely, therefore you will not refuse me your approbation, my dear father and mother."

Springer shuddered at this forcible appeal to his feelings, being perfectly aware of the intention to which she alluded; while Phedora who had not the least suspicion of her meaning, exclaimed—"What means this mystery? what are the contents of that letter?" Making a motion to take it, her daughter ventured to detain it—"Forgive me, my dear mother, but I am fearful of speaking before you; you have not yet guessed what I would say, and the dread of your terror disheartens me; it is now the only impediment I fear, and I know not

how to obviate it. Suffer me to explain myself now to my father only—you are not prepared as he is."

"No, my child," interrupted Springer, "do not separate us—do not that, which neither exile nor misfortune has been able to do. Come to my heart, my Phedora; and should your courage fail you while listening to what your daughter has to say, may mine sustain your drooping spirits."

Phedora, terrified and dismayed, felt that she was threatened by some dreadful misfortune, but without guessing from what cause it was to proceed; she, therefore, replied, in a tone of alarm—"Stanislaus, what is it you mean? Have not I endured with fortitude every reverse of fortune? therefore, what reason have you to fear that my fortitude should forsake me now?" pressing to her heart her husband and child. "With such beloved objects on either side of me, I am prepared to brave the worst that fate can have in store for me."

Elizabeth wished to reply; her mother would not listen to her. "My child," exclaimed she, in a tone of anguish, "ask me to lay down my life for you, in preference to requiring me to consent to our separation."

These words were a convincing proof, that she now guessed her daughter's intention; of course, the task of revealing it to her was

spared Elizabeth: but to induce her to consent to her departure, appeared an undertaking so arduous, that even the sanguine hopes of our heroine were daunted; bathed in tears and participating in her mother's agitation, she could only utter, in broken accents—"My dear mother, if, to insure the happiness of my father, I were to request you would spare me for some days."

"Oh! no; I could not spare you for one day, much less for several. What happiness could be worth purchasing at such a price? Oh! Heaven, do not suffer her to persevere in her demand."

These words entirely subdued the courage of Elizabeth. Unable, therefore to solicit that consent, which her afflicted mother was so averse to grant, she presented the letter she had received from the governor of Tobolskoi to her father, making him a sign to read it. He took it, and throwing his arm round his wife, saying—"never shall you be deprived of this support," he read aloud the following lines, in a faltering voice, which had been written at Tobolskoi by young Smoloff, two months before:

"The greatest concern I experienced upon leaving Saimka, Elizabeth, arose from the im-

possibility of informing you, that an indispensable duty occasioned my abrupt departure; since I could neither wait upon you, nor send you the instructions you had requested, without acting in opposition to the commands of my father, and without endangering his safety. Perhaps my wish to oblige you might have induced me to fail in my duty towards him, had it not been for the example you have shewn me; but after having so lately learnt from you how much is due to a parent, I could not expose the life of mine. I must, however, acknowledge, that my duty was not, like your's, performed with pleasure; since I returned to Tobolskoi with heartfelt grief, where I learnt from my father, that, in consequence of a mandate from the Emperor, I was required immediately to a place nearly a thousand miles distant. I am upon the eve of my departure, and you are not aware of my sufferings, Elizabeth; indeed, I do not ask of Heaven that you should ever participate in my feelings, since you must be happy, if such is the reward of virtue. I have opened my heart to my father; I have brought him acquainted with you; and his tears flowed while listening to the recital of your project. I believe he will visit the circle of Ischimaska this year, expressly to see you; in the interim, he will, if possible, send you this letter. The certainty of his doing so rather consoles me.

for my departure, since I leave you under the protection of my father. Do not, however, I conjure you, think of leaving Siberia, till my return, which I expect to do in less than a year, as I will be your conductor to Petersburgh ; I will present you to the Emperor, I will be your guard during such a journey. Do not fear my again addressing you in the language of love—I will merely be your friend, your brother ; and if I serve you with all the fervour which that passion inspires, I swear never to address you but in the language of innocence and friendship."

Underneath was the following postscript, written by the governor himself:

" No, virtuous Elizabeth, my son must not be your guide ; not that I entertain any doubts of his honour, but your's must be placed beyond the reach of suspicion. When, upon reaching the court of Russia, you shall exhibit a degree of virtue too heroic not to be crowned with success, the breath of envy must not whisper that you were conducted thither by your lover, and thus tarnish the noblest instance of filial piety that will ever have been displayed to the world. In your present situation, there are no protectors worthy to guide your innocence but Heaven and your father ; your father cannot accompany you, but Heaven will not forsake you : Religion will send you her aid ; shield

yourself, therefore, under her guidance. You know to whom I have given permission to enter your dwelling. In entrusting you with these directions, I render you the master of my destiny, since, were this letter to be made public, were it known that I had favoured your departure, my ruin would be inevitable; but I am not even uneasy, as I know in whom I confide, and what may be expected from the honour and heroism of a daughter, who is willing to sacrifice her life for her father."

While finishing this letter, Springer's voice became stronger, and more animated, as he gloried in the virtues of his daughter, and in the admiration they excited; but her tender mother could only think of her departure: pale, motionless, and unable to weep, she regarded her daughter in silence, then raised her eyes to Heaven.

Elizabeth fell upon her knees before them—
 "Suffer me, my dear parents, to address you in this posture: no attitude can be too humble for her who solicits the greatest blessing, and I aspire to that of restoring you to liberty, to happiness, and to your country. For more than a year this has been the object of my fondest hopes. The season for it approaches.

Surely you will not forbid my making the attempt. If there is a blessing greater than the one I entreat, refuse me this, you have my consent; but if there is not——." Agitated and trembling, her voice failed her; and by looks and motions of the most earnest supplication alone, could she finish her prayer,

Springer placed his hands upon her head without speaking; while her mother exclaimed—"Alone! on foot! without help! Oh! no, I cannot, I cannot."

"My dear mother," eagerly rejoined Elizabeth, "do not, I beseech you, oppose my wish; you would not, I am sure, if you knew how long I have indulged it, and all the consolation I have derived from it. As soon as my reason allowed me to comprehend the cause of your unhappiness, I resolved to dedicate my life to the removal of it. Blessed was the day on which I conceived the design of liberating my father—blessed the hope which supported me when I saw you weep. Long since, when witnessing your silent sorrow, I should have been overwhelmed with affliction, had I not hoped that I might one day have it in my power to repair your misfortunes. If you deprive me of this hope, in which all my thoughts center, I shall no longer attach any value to my existence, and my days will linger away in despondence, Oh! pardon me for grieving you.

No, if you forbid my departure, I shall not die, since my death would be an additional source of affliction to you ; but I trust you will not oppose my happiness. Do not tell me that what I propose is impracticable, since my heart assures me that it is ~~not~~. I shall find strength to sustain me when going to claim the justice of the Emperor, and eloquence sufficient to make my demand. Nothing will daunt me ; neither sufferings nor contempt, neither the dazzling splendour of the court, nor the awful brow of majesty. I fear nothing but your refusal."

"Cease, my dear Elizabeth, pray cease," interrupted Springer ; "my ideas are quite confused. Never before did my soul shrink from a noble action, never before was I assailed by virtue too heroic, for its strength to bear. I did not think myself weak ; you have made me feel that I am so, since I cannot consent to your wishes."

Encouraged by this refusal, Phedora, taking her daughter's hand between her's, said—
"Listen to me, Elizabeth. Since your father acknowledges his weakness, you must excuse your mother's not having more strength of mind ; forgive her not having sufficient resolution to grant you permission to display the excess of your virtue. Strange that a mother should wish to prevent her child from doing a

generous and noble action ; but, remember, I only request, I do not command you to be less excellent, since you are possessed of too much good sense and understanding, to receive henceforth any commands but from the dictates of your own heart."

" I shall ever consider your commands as sacred, my dear mother. Should you desire me to remain here, I hope I shall have resolution enough to obey without repining ; but suffer me to hope that my scheme will yet receive your assent : it is not the result of a moment of enthusiasm, but of the reflection of many years ; it has reason, as well as affection, for its foundation. Does there exist any other means of rescuing my father from exile ? During the twelve years that you have languished here, what friend has undertaken his justification ; and were there one that dare do it, would he say as much as I should ? would he be instigated by motives similar to mine ? Oh ! no—Suffer me, therefore, to indulge the hope, that Heaven has reserved for your only child, the blessing of restoring you to happiness ; and do not oppose the august mission which heaven has deigned to confide to her. What is there so alarming in the enterprise ? surely not my temporary absence. Have not I heard you lament, that your exile forbids you the hope of bestowing me in marriage ? and would not a

husband have separated me from you entirely? and as for danger, in my opinion, none exists: the winters of this climate have inured me to the utmost severity of the weather, and the daily exercise I have taken in these plains, has prepared me for the fatigue of a long journey. Is it my youth which alarms you? It will prove my support—every one is anxious to afford the weak assistance; but perhaps you dread my inexperience; in reply to that objection remember, according to the governor's letter, I shall not be alone; he has permitted a poor missionary to put our hospitality to the test, for the sole purpose of affording me a guide and a protector; of course every danger, every obstacle is removed; nothing is wanting but your consent and your blessing."

"And you must beg your bread!" exclaimed Springer, in a tone of poignant distress. "The ancestors of your mother, who formerly reigned in these countries, and mine, who were seated on the throne of Poland, will, from above see the heiress of their name begging her daily bread, while traversing that Russia, which has rendered their kingdoms provinces dependant upon her empire."

"If such is the royal blood which flows in my veins," replied Elizabeth, in accents of modest surprise, "if I am a descendant of kings, and that two crowns have graced the

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brows of my forefathers, I hope to prove myself worthy both of them and you, since never will I dishonour the illustrious name they have transmitted to me. Poverty cannot do it. Why should the descendant of the Seids and of Sobieska blush to have recourse to the charity of her fellow creatures? How many great men, precipitated from the height of human grandeur have implored it for themselves! Happier than they, I shall only implore it in the service of my father."

The noble firmness of this young heroine, the degree of pious pride which sparkled in her eyes at the thought of humbling herself for her parent's sake, gave to her discourse such strength, and such authority, that Springer could no longer oppose her design; he felt he had no right to prevent his daughter from displaying her heroic virtue; indeed, he should have conceived himself culpable in detaining her in the obscurity of a desert:—"Oh! my beloved," he cried, tenderly pressing the hand of Phedora, "shall we condemn her to end her days here unknown? shall we deprive her of the happy prospect of being the mother of children resembling herself? Rouse your courage, my Phedora; and since this will be the only means of restoring her to her rank in society, let us grant her the permission she solicits."

The feelings of the mother, however, for the moment, triumphed over those of the wife, and, for the first time, Phedora presumed to resist the most sacred of human authorities: "No, no, never will I accede to her wishes—even you, Stanislaus, will intreat in vain; I shall even have the courage to refuse you. What, would you have me expose the life of my child? Would you have me consent to my Elizabeth's departure, at the risk of hearing on some future day, that she had perished with cold and famine in a frightful desert? Can such a request be made to a mother? Oh! Stanislaus, ought you to have taught me that there are sacrifices, which I cannot make, even to oblige you, and sorrows, for which even you could not console me?" While thus speaking, her tears no longer flowed; indeed the anguish of her mind was beyond description.

Springer, unable to endure the sight of her distress, said—"My child, if your mother cannot consent, you must not go."

"Surely not; therefore, if you desire it, mother, I will remain here," said Elizabeth, embracing her with the utmost tenderness; "you shall ever find me obedient to your will; but perhaps the Almighty may inspire you with sufficient courage to suffer me to depart, let us together implore him to enlighten our minds

respecting the conduct we ought to pursue, since from him proceed all our good resolutions, and from him only can we learn submission to his decrees."

Phedora readily joined her daughter in prayer; and while addressing her heavenly Father, tears came to her relief; that piety, which calms and softens human afflictions, and possesses itself of the heart, to chase from thence all distressful feelings; that divine piety which never prescribes a duty without pointing out its recompence, and never fails to pour the balm of consolation into the souls of those who humbly invoke it, touched that of Phedora. To obtain the applause and approbation of men, the ambitious character, placing all its happiness in glory, can readily sacrifice even the tenderest affections; but religion alone can prescribe such a sacrifice to hearts like that of Phedora, whose happiness centered solely in those she loved.

On the following day, Springer being alone with his daughter, told her the history of his misfortunes; he related to her the dreadful wars which had desolated the kingdom of Poland, and in what manner that nation had been at last subverted.

"I entered perhaps too warmly into the interests of that distracted country; and exposed myself to the suspicions of its enemies; and

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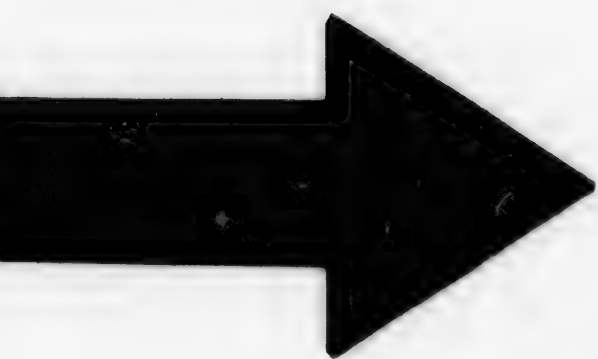
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gave too numerous opportunities to my enemies, to injure me by their private accusations. The consequence of all was, that, though with the blood of monarchs flowing in my veins, I have been banished for life to Siberia. My adored wife would not abandon me; and, in accompanying me, she seemed to follow the dictates of her heart, rather than those of her duty; even had I been condemned to linger out existence amidst the appalling gloomy winter, which continually reigns in this district of Berezow, or amidst the undiscovered solitudes of the lake Baikal, or those of Kamtschatka, she would not have forsaken me; in short, had my destiny been rendered even ten times more miserable, my Phedora would still have proved my consoling angel; to her goodness, to her piety, and to her generous sacrifice, I shall ever believe I am indebted for my milder doom. Oh! my child, every happy moment I have experienced, has been owing to your mother: while, in return, I have associated her in my misfortunes."

"Can she have been unhappy, my father," said Elizabeth, "since you have ever tenderly loved her?"

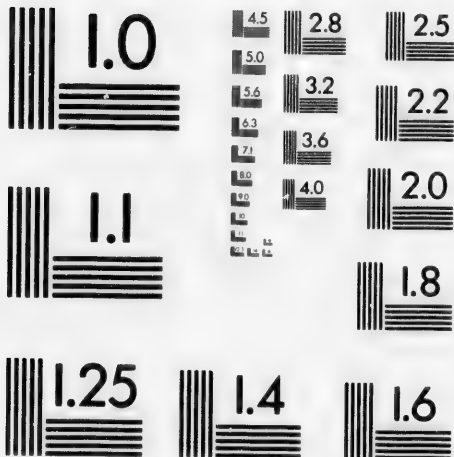
In these words, Springer recognized the heart of Phedora, and perceived that Elizabeth, like her mother, could live contented in banishment with a husband she loved. "My child," he





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resumed, returning young Smoloff's letter, which he had kept since the preceding evening, "should I one day, owing to your zeal and courage, be restored to that rank and wealth, which I no longer desire, but to replace you in the bosom of posterity, this letter will remind you of our benefactor. You possess a grateful heart, Elizabeth, and the alliance of virtue can never disgrace the blood of royalty."

Elizabeth coloured, and taking the letter from her father, placed it in her bosom, saying, "I shall ever cherish the remembrance of him who pitied, loved, and did his utmost endeavours to serve you."

For some days, the departure of Elizabeth was not mentioned; her mother had not yet consented to her going; but the melancholy of her air, the dejection of her countenance, were convincing proofs that the solicited consent was in her heart, and that all hope of being able to oppose her pious intention had forsaken her.

One Sunday evening, the family were assembled at prayers, when a gentle knocking at the door, as with a staff, disturbed them. Springer opened it, and a venerable stranger presented himself.

Phedora started up, exclaiming—"Oh! Heaven, this is he whom we were taught to

expect; he comes to deprive me of my child." She then hid her face, bathed in tears, with her hands; since even her piety could not induce her to welcome the servant of God.

The missionary entered. A long white beard descended upon his breast; he was bent, more owing to lengthened fatigues than to age; the hardships he had endured, had worn his body and fortified his soul; and there was an expression of sorrow visible upon his countenance, which was a proof that his sufferings had been great; but there was also an appearance of meek resignation, which seemed to prove that he was certain of not having suffered in vain. "Sir," said he, "I enter your dwelling with joy: the blessing of God is upon this cottage, for it contains a treasure more precious than gold and pearls; I come to solicit a night's lodging."

Elizabeth hastened to fetch him a seat.

"Young maiden," said he, "you have early trod the paths of virtue, and in the spring time of human life have left us far behind." He was going to sit down, when the sobs of Phedora caught his ear; addressing himself to her—"Excellent mother, why do you weep? Is not your child favoured by the Most High? You should consider yourself blessed far beyond the common lot of parents.

If you grieve so bitterly because the call of virtue is likely to separate you from your child, for a short time, what must be the affliction of those mothers who see their offspring torn from them in consequence of their vices, and lost to them for eternity?"

"Oh! Father, should I never see her again," exclaimed the afflicted mother.

"Yes, you would see her again," he quickly replied, "in Heaven, which will be her inheritance; but I trust you will again meet in this world; the difficulties attending her undertaking are great; but the Almighty will protect her—he tempers the wind to the shorn lamb."

Phedora bowed her head in token of resignation.

Springer had not yet spoken—his heart was too oppressed to suffer him to utter a word; and even Elizabeth, who had never before felt her courage relax, began to be sensible of her weakness. The animated hope of rendering her parents a service had hitherto prevented her from grieving at the idea of leaving them; but now that the moment was arrived when she could say to herself—"To-morrow, I shall no longer hear the voice of my father; to-morrow, I shall not receive the fond caresses of my mother: and perhaps a year may elapse, ere I see them again;" now she felt that even the

success of her enterprize could hardly make her amends for so distressing a separation. Her eyes became dim, an universal agitation pervaded her frame, and she sunk weeping upon the bosom of her father. Ah! timid orphan, if already you extend your arms towards your protector; if, at the first idea of your departure, you bend to the ground like an unsupported vine, where will you find the courage necessary to traverse nearly half the globe, in pursuance of your plan?

Before they went to bed, the missionary supped with the exiles. Freedom and hospitality presided at the board, but gaiety was banished; indeed it was only owing to the utmost efforts, that each of the family suppressed their tears.

The good priest regarded them with tender concern. He had witnessed much affliction in the course of his travels, and the art of bestowing consolation had been the principal study of his life. He pursued different methods with every one, since the misfortunes of one seldom proceeded from the same cause as those of another; but for every situation, for every character, he had words of comfort; and seldom did he fail of affording relief. He knew, that if it was possible to withdraw the mind from the contemplation of its own sorrows, by presenting the image of some greater calamity

than the one lamented, the tears that flow from pity often relieve the agony of woe. Thus, by relating the history of his own crosses, and of the various distressing scenes which he had witnessed, he by degrees attracted the attention of the exiles, and moved them with compassion for the sufferings of their fellow creatures; nay, even led them to acknowledge, that their lot had been mild, when compared with that of many: and in fact, what had not this venerable man seen? what could he not relate? He who for sixty years, as the distance of two thousand leagues from his country, in a foreign climate, in the midst of persecutions had laboured incessantly at the conversion of savages, whom he styled his brethren, and who were not unfrequently his most inveterate persecutors? He had visited the court of Peking, and had astonished the mandarins, by the extent of his learning, and still more by his rigid virtue, and austere self-denial. He had assembled tribes of wandering savages, and had taught them the principles of agriculture. Thus, the change of barren wastes into fertile lands, civilization introduced among barbarians, who became mild and humane, instead of being fierce and ignorant, religion taught to nations who were before sunk in the grossest idolatry, but now, had learned to offer up their thanks to Heaven for the blessings they

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enjoyed—these were the results and the rewards of his pious labours.

The good father next informed the exiles, that, having been recalled by his superior, he was now returning on foot to Spain, his native country, to reach which he had to cross Russia, Germany, and France; but this appeared to him a short journey; indeed, the man who had travelled through vast deserts, which yielded no shelter from the inclemency of the weather but a tree or a cave, no pillow upon which to repose his weary head but what a stone afforded, and whose only food had been a little rice-flour moistened with water, might well consider himself as having approached the term of his labours, upon his arrival among civilized nations; and father Paul almost fancied himself at home when he found himself once more among Christians.

He related to his attentive hosts the dreadful sufferings which he had endured, when, after passing the great wall of China, he had entered upon the extensive territories of the Tartars; he also recounted, that, at the entrance of the vast deserts of Songria, which belong to China, and serve it as a boundary on the side of Siberia, he had discovered a country abounding in rich and valuable furs, and through this commodity, able to maintain an extensive commerce with European nations; but no

traces of their industry had as yet reached that distant spot, no merchant had dared to carry his gold, or to attempt a lucrative traffic, where the missionary had long since ventured to plant the cross, and had distributed blessings; so true it is, that charity will stimulate to enterprises from which even avarice recedes.

A bed was arranged for father Paul in the small room which the Tartarian peasant usually occupied, who slept, wrapped in a bear-skin, near the stove.

As soon as day began to dawn, Elizabeth rose, and having softly approached father Paul's door, and hearing that he was already risen and at prayers, she requested admission, that she might converse with him in private, as she felt that she dare not even mention her project to him before her parents, much less intimate her wish, that they might set out the following morning, at day-break, on their journey. She related to him the history of her life—a simple but affecting story, since it was merely a repetition of anecdotes of mutual tenderness between her parents and herself. While dwelling upon her doubts and hopes, she had occasion more than once to mention the name of Smoloff; but it seemed as if this name only occurred to heighten the picture of her innocence, and to shew that it was not wholly

through the absence of temptation that she had preserved so entire, the purity of her heart.

Father Paul was deeply affected by her narrative, he had been nearly round the world, and seen all that it contained, but never yet had he met with a heart like Elizabeth's.

Springer and Phedora knew not, that it was their daughter's intention to leave them on the morrow; but when they embraced her in the morning, they felt that sensation of involuntary terror, which all animated beings experience on the eve of the storm which threatens them. Whenever Elizabeth moved, Phedora followed her with her eyes, and often suddenly seized her by the arm, without daring to ask her the question which hovered on her lips—continually reverting to various employments which she had planned for her occupation the next day, and giving orders respecting various works which were to be done at a more distant period. Thus did she endeavour to re-assure herself by her own words: but her heart was not at ease, as her daughter's silence continually reminded her of her departure. During dinner she said to her—"Elizabeth, if the weather is fine to-morrow, you shall go in your little boat with your father to fish in the lake."

Her daughter looked at her without replying, while the tears fell in large drops down her cheeks.

Springer, whose anxiety, arising from the same cause, was equal to Phedora's, hastily said—"Did you attend to what your mother said? she wishes you to go a fishing with me to-morrow."

Elizabeth, reclining her head upon her father's shoulder, said in a whisper, "To-morrow you must console my mother."

Springer turned pale—that was enough for Phedora. She asked no more, as she was certain the departure of her child had been mentioned, and it was a subject she wished to avoid entering upon, since the moment it was openly spoken of before her, she felt that she would be required to give her consent to it; and she hoped, that till she had freely done so, her daughter would not think of leaving home.

Springer, meanwhile, collected all his firmness, as he felt that he should not only have to deplore the departure of his daughter on the morrow, but also to sustain the distress of his wife. Indeed, he hardly knew whether he should be able to survive the sacrifice he was called upon to make; a sacrifice to which he never could have submitted, but from his excessive love for his daughter: this alone enabled him to assume the semblance of satisfaction when he learnt her intention, as he wished to bestow upon his Elizabeth the only recompence worthy of her virtue.

During this day of trial, how much secret emotion, how many affecting unobserved sensations were experienced by both the parents and the child! at times they exchanged the most tender caresses, at others they appeared a prey to the most heartfelt grief.

The missionary endeavoured to raise their spirits, by recalling to their mind all those passages in the sacred writings, in which it is clearly shewn, that the Almighty is ever prompt to reward the sacrifices of filial piety, and of paternal resignation. He also gave them to understand, that the difficulties and fatigues of the journey would not be so great as they feared, because a man of consequence, whose name he did not mention, but which they easily guessed, had provided him with the means of rendering the excursion easier and more pleasant.

Thus passed the day; and when they were about to separate for the night, Elizabeth fell upon her knees, and, in an agitated voice, intreated her parents' blessing.

Her father approached her, tears streaming down his manly cheeks. His daughter extended her arms towards him. He understood that she meant to bid him adieu; his heart, in consequence, became too much oppressed to allow him to weep; his tears ceased, while he laid his hands upon her head, recommending

her, in silence, to the protection of the Almighty, as he had not the courage to utter a word.

The young heroine then turning towards her mother, said—"Will not you also bless me, my dear mother!"

"To-morrow, my child," she replied, in a voice almost stifled with the agony of grief.

"To-morrow, and why not to-day, my dear mother?"

"Oh! yes," resumed Phedora, rushing impetuously towards her, "to-day, and every day."

Elizabeth bent her head, while her parents, with joined hands, raised eyes, and in a trembling voice, solemnly blessed her, in the presence of that Being, who heard, and as they trusted, approved of the action.

At a little distance stood the missionary with a cross in his hand, also at prayers. If such invocations do not ascend to Heaven, who can dare hope to have their prayers heard?

It was now the end of the month of May, that season of the year, when, between the shades of twilight and the glimmering dawn of day, there are scarcely two hours of night in Siberia. Elizabeth employed them in making preparations for her departure—packing up her travelling dress, and a change of shoes and

stockings, in a bag of rein-deer skin. For nearly a year, she had employed herself, after she retired for the night, in working to get these things in readiness, unknown to her mother; and during the same term, she had privately reserved from each of her meals some dried fruits and a little flour, in order to defer as long as possible the necessity of having recourse to the charity of strangers; as she had also resolved not to diminish the small stores of her parents, at the moment of her departure, being well aware that they had nothing to spare. Some small pieces of money were all that she possessed, and with which she undertook to traverse a space of more than eight hundred leagues.

"Father," said she to the missionary, softly opening his door, "let us set off now, while my parents are asleep; do not let us wake them—they will weep soon enough; they are now tranquil, because they think we cannot leave the house without going through their room; but the window of this closet is not high—I can easily jump out, and I will then assist you in getting down, which I think you can do without hurting yourself."

The missionary agreed to this stratagem, which was to spare the parents and the child the agonies of such a parting.

As soon as they were in the forest, Elizabeth,

having thrown her sack over her shoulder, walked a few steps hastily forward, but upon turning her head once more towards the cottage she had abandoned, her sobs nearly suffocated her; bathed in tears, she rushed back to the door of the apartment in which her parents slept, exclaiming—"Almighty God watch over them, protect them, and preserve them, and grant that I may never again cross this threshold, should I be doomed to behold them no more." She then rose, and, upon turning round, perceiving her father standing behind her; "You here, my dear father—oh! why, why did you come?"

"To see you, to embrace you, to bless you once more; and if during your childhood, my Elizabeth I suffered a day to elapse without giving you convincing proofs of my tenderness—If ever I occasioned your tears to flow—If ever a look of mine, or a harsh expression, has pained your heart, before you go, say you forgive me, say you forgive your father, that in case we are doomed never to enjoy the happiness of seeing you again, he may die in peace."

"Oh! do not thus distress me," interrupted Elizabeth.

"And your poor mother," he continued, "when she awakes, what shall I say to her? what answer shall I make when she asks me

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for her child? She will seek you in the forest,
on the borders of the lake; and every where I
shall follow her, equally in tears, and calling,
like her, for our child, who will be too far off
to answer us."

While he was speaking, Elizabeth leaned
half fainting, against the wall of the cottage.

Her father, perceiving that he had affected
her much more than he intended, bitterly re-
proached himself for having acted so weakly.

"My child," said he, endeavouring to ap-
pear calm and resigned "take courage: I
will display more fortitude; and I promise you,
that if I am unable absolutely to console your
mother, I will at least encourage her, by my
example, to support your absence with forti-
tude; and I can almost venture to promise to
restore her to you, when you return hither,
Yes, I feel inclined to assure you, my child,
that whether the enterprise your filial piety
has suggested to you, be crowned or not with
success, your parents will not die before
they have seen you again."

He then addressed the missionary, who, with
his eyes lowered, stood, deeply affected, at a
little distance from the afflicted father and
daughter—"Father, I entrust to your care a
gem which is invaluable, and which is far more
precious to me than my heart's blood, much
dearer to me than my life, yet I entrust you
with it in full confidence: depart, therefore,
together; and may the angels watch over both

her and you ; and may that all-powerful Being, who is also the father and protector of my Elizabeth, not suffer her to perish."

Our heroine, without daring to direct another glance towards her father, placed one hand before her eyes, and giving the other to the missionary, departed with him.

The morning's dawn now began to illumine the summits of the mountains, and to gild the tops of the dark firs, but all nature was still wrapped in profound silence; not a breath of wind ruffled the surface of the lake, nor agitated the leaves of the trees—even those of the birch were unmoved; the birds had not yet begun to sing, nor did a sound escape even from the smallest insect—it appeared as if all nature preserved a respectful silence, that the voice of a father calling down blessings upon his child, might be heard through the forest, which now separated them.

I have attempted to give my readers an idea of the grief of a father, but my powers are inadequate to describe that of the mother. How should I endeavour to make her sensations understood, when, awakened by the cries of her husband, she ran towards him, and read in his desponding attitude that her child was gone? Falling on the ground in a state of unutterable anguish, she appeared to have reached the period of her existence. In vain did her

husband, by recalling to her mind all the miseries attendant upon a life of banishment, endeavoured to calm her grief; she no longer listened to his voice; even love itself had lost its influence, since its accents no longer reached her heart. So true it is, that the sorrows of a mother are beyond all human consolation, and can derive none from any earthly source. Heaven has reserved to itself the power of soothing them; and if these poignant griefs generally fall to the share of the weaker sex, it is because they are formed gentle and submissive, and are most likely to bow beneath the hand that chastises them, and to have recourse to the only hope which can afford them consolation.

It was on the 18th of May that Elizabeth and her guide set out upon her journey; they spent a month in crossing the damp marshy forests of Siberia, which are subject at this season of the year to terrible inundations. Sometimes the Tartarian peasants permitted them, for a trifling compensation, to ride some part of the way in their carts: and at night they sought a shelter in such miserable huts, that had not Elizabeth been long inured to hardships and privations, she would have scarcely been able to enjoy any repose. She always lay down in her clothes, upon the most wretched substitute for mattresses, which were

extended upon the ground in rooms scented with fumes of tobacco and brandy, into which the wind blew on every side through the ill-repaired paper windows; and, to her additional discomfort, the whole family, father, mother, and children, and sometimes even a part of their cattle, reposed in the same apartment.

In a forest about 26 miles from Timuen, a town on the frontiers of Siberia, Elizabeth's guide pointed out to her the posts which mark the boundary of the division of Tobolskoi. Elizabeth conceived the passing them to be like a second parting from her parents, as she was now to leave the land of exile, which they had so long inhabited. "Ah?" exclaimed she, "what distance now separates us." She made the same reflection, when she first set her foot in Europe. To be in another quarter of the world presented to her imagination the idea of a distance more immense than the vast extent of country she had crossed. In Asia, she had left the only beings in the universe upon whom she had a claim, and upon whose affection she could rely; and what could she expect to find in that Europe, so celebrated for its enlightened inhabitants? what in that Imperial court, notwithstanding it was the resort of the wise and affluent? Should she find there one heart likely to be moved by her sufferings, or softened by her afflictions, or from whose com-

miseration she might hope for protection? Surely, when these fears and doubts came across her, one person ought to have occurred to her recollection. Ah! had she dared to indulge the hope of meeting him at Petersburg! —but she was convinced he was not there; the mandate of the Emperor had sent him to join the army at Livonia; there was, of course, not the remotest probability of finding him in that Europe, which seemed to her to be inhabited only by him, because he was the only person she knew. All her dependance was, therefore, upon father Paul. A man who had spent sixty years of his life in rendering service to his fellow-creatures, must, according to Elizabeth's ideas, have great influence at the courts of monarchs.

Perm is nearly 600 miles from Tobolskoi; the roads are good and the land fertile, and well cultivated; young woods of birch are frequently intermixed with fine extensive fields; and opulent villages, either Russian or Tartarian, are scattered about, whose inhabitants appear so contented and cheerful, that the traveller can hardly believe they breathe the air of Siberia: this tract of country can even boast of decent inns, as the windows are glazed; there are tables covered with decent tapestry, and a variety of fine images are placed in every corner, not to mention several other articles of

luxury hitherto unknown to Elizabeth, and which, in consequence of her simplicity, excited her astonishment: but the town of Perm, although the largest she had yet seen, shocked her, owing to the narrowness and dirt of its streets, the height of the houses, and the confused intermixture of fine houses and miserable huts, as well as the offensive smells with which it abounds, being surrounded by marshy fens; from thence as far as Casan, the country is interspersed with barren heaths, and forests of pines, and exhibits the most gloomy aspect: in stormy seasons, the lightning frequently falls upon the aged trees, which burn with rapidity, and appear like pillars of the brightest red, surmounted by a crown of flames. Elizabeth and her guide were often witnesses of these fires, as they were frequently obliged to cross woods, which were burning on either side of them; sometimes they saw trees burnt eight or ten feet at bottom, only supported by the mere thickness of the bark, while their tops and branches were as yet untouched by the flames; others, after falling against each other, either formed an arch across the road, or a pyramid of flames, like the piles of the ancients, in which Pagan piety consumed the ashes of its heroes.

But notwithstanding these dangers, and the still more imminent ones they encountered in

crossing rivers which had overflowed their banks, Elizabeth never complained as she even thought that the difficulties of their undertaking had been exaggerated. To be sure, the weather was uncommonly fine, and she did not always travel on foot, as they frequently rode in cars or kibecks, which were returning from conveying exiles into Siberia, and for a trifling sum, their drivers suffered the travellers to ride as far as they went, Elizabeth never refusing the assistance of her guide, since what she received from him, she considered as the gift of Heaven.



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PART THE SECOND.

HAVING reached the banks of the Kama, about the beginning of September, our travellers were now within two hundred versts, or 134 miles of Casan, having nearly performed half their journey.

Had it been the will of Heaven that Elizabeth should conclude her travels as easily as she had hitherto proceeded, she would have considered the happiness of her parents as cheaply purchased: but she was doomed to experience a sad reverse: with the winter season, the period approached which was to put her fortitude to the severest trial, and to call forth all the energy of her soul, for her companion was soon to be summoned to reap the reward of a life of virtuous suffering. For some days, the missionary had visibly declined; it was with difficulty that he walked, even with the assistance of Elizabeth, and leaning upon his

staff, being obliged to stop continually to rest and draw breath; if he attempted to ride in a kibeck, the violent jolts he sustained, (from the roughness of the road, which was formed by large trunks of trees, carelessly thrown across the marshy ground,) exhausted his small remains of strength, though his courage, the result of a well-spent life, never forsook him. Upon his arrival, however, at Serapoul, a large village on the banks of the Kama, the worthy man found himself so extremely weak, that it was impossible for him to think of proceeding on his journey; he took up his abode, therefore, at a miserable inn adjoining the house of the superintendant, who farmed the crown-lands in the district of Serapoul. The only chamber with which he could be accommodated, was a sort of loft or garret, the floor of which shook under the feet; the windows were unglazed; and there was neither a chair nor a stool, the only furniture the wretched hole contained, being a broken table, and a bedstead, over which they strewed a little straw for the missionary to lie down upon. The wind, which blew in at the dismantled window, was so cold, that it would have effectually prevented him from sleeping, even had he been sufficiently free from pain, to allow of his enjoying any repose.

The most desponding reflections now assailed the alarmed Elizabeth. She asked for

a physician—there was none at Scrapoul, she was informed; and as she saw that the people of the house were by no means interested in the fate of the dying sufferer, she was obliged to exert every means she could devise, in order to procure him relief. In the first place, she fastened some of the shreds of the old tapestry with which the room had once been hung, across the window. She then went out into the fields, in search of certain herbs, of which she composed a salutary drink for the priest, as she had seen her mother do when her father was ill. As night approached, he grew worse and worse, and the unfortunate Elizabeth could no longer restrain her tears; sometimes she removed to a distance, to stifle her sobs; but the good father heard them, and wept to think, that he had no consolation to offer her, as he felt well assured that his last moments were approaching, and that his earthly career was soon to be closed; however, to him, who had dedicated sixty years to the service of God and of his fellow-creatures, death was divested of all its terrors, though he could not help regretting, that he was called away while there remained so much for him to do. “Almighty God,” he whispered to himself, “I murmur not at your decrees, but had it been your will to spare me, till I had conducted this unprotected

orphan to the end of her journey, I think my death would have been more easy.

As it grew dark, Elizabeth lighted a rosin taper, and remained seated all night upon the foot of the bed, to attend her patient;—a little before day-break, she approached to give him some drink.

The missionary feeling that he should soon be unable to give utterance to his words, raised himself a little, and taking the glass from our heroine, held it towards heaven, saying—“Almighty God, I recommend her to him who has promised, that a cup of cold water offered in his name shall not go unrewarded.”

These words revealed to Elizabeth, the extent of the misfortune which she had to dread; she perceived that the missionary felt he was dying, and that she should soon be left destitute and unprotected. Almost broken hearted, she fell upon her knees, by the side of the bed, a cold dew stood upon her forehead, and her sobs nearly suffocated her.

“My God, take pity on her, look down with pity on her. Oh! my God!” repeated the missionary, while he considered her with the tenderest commiseration; but at last, perceiving that the violence of her anguish seemed to increase, he said—“In the name of Heaven, and of your parents, compose yourself, daughter, and listen to what I have to say.”

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The dying Missionary.



Elizabeth shuddered; but stifling her sobs, and wiping away the tears which filled her eyes, she raised them upon the venerable man, respectfully waiting to hear what he had to say.

He supported himself against the board which was placed across the back of his bedstead, and exerting all his remaining strength, he thus addressed her:—"My child, you will be exposed to great hardships, in travelling alone and unprotected at your age, and during the severe season that is approaching; but there are dangers still more alarming—a court abounds with such; an ordinary courage may remain firm amidst fatigues and sufferings, but it is seldom able to resist the allurements of seduction; but yours is not an ordinary courage, my child, and even the allurements of a court, will not have power to change your heart; though you may meet with many wicked people, who, presuming upon your unprotected situation, and your apparent poverty, will seek to turn you from the paths of virtue; but you will neither put faith in their promises, nor be dazzled by the splendour which may surround them: the fear of God, and the love you bear your parents, will secure you from all their vain attempts: to whatever extremity you may be reduced, you will never lose sight of these sacred claims—never forget

that a single false step will occasion the death of those, to whom you are indebted for your existence."

"Oh! father," interrupted she, "fear not."

"I have no fears, he replied; "your piety, your noble resolution, have merited implicit confidence; and I am certain that you will not sink under the trials which Heaven has thought fit you should undergo; therefore, now, my child, take the purse, which is concealed in the folds of my robe, which the generous governor of Tobolskoi gave me when he recommended you to my care. Keep this a secret, as you value his life. This money will last you till you reach St. Petersburg: when you arrive there, wait upon the patriarch—mention father Paul to him—perhaps my name may not have escaped his memory. He will procure you an asylum in some women's convent, and will, no doubt, himself present your petition to the Emperor, which must be attended to: it is impossible it should be rejected, since, in my dying moments, I may be allowed to tell you, that your virtue is heroic, and your filial piety unprecedented; yes, my child, you will be cited as an example to future generations, and your merit will meet its reward on earth, before it receives the glorious recompence which awaits it in Heaven"—He stopped: his

breathing became more difficult, and a cold dew stood upon his forehead.

Elizabeth wept in silence, leaning her head upon the bed.

After a lengthened pause, the missionary, untying a little ebony crucifix which hung suspended from his neck, presented it to her, saying in a feeble tone, "Take this, my child, it is the only treasure, I have to bestow, the only one I possessed on earth; and having that, I never wanted for any thing."

She pressed it to her lips with the most lively transports of grief; since the giving up of such a treasure proved that death was approaching him with hasty strides."

"Fear nothing, my poor deserted lamb," resumed the priest, in accents of the tenderest pity, "The good pastor of the flock will watch over and protect you; and if he deprives you of your present support, he will not fail to bestow upon you more than he takes from you: confide securely in his goodness; he who feeds the sparrows, and can number the sands upon the sea-shore, will not forget Elizabeth."

"My father, oh! my father," she cried, seizing the hand which he extended towards her, "I cannot resign myself to lose you,"

"Child," replied he: "Heaven ordains it: resign yourself to its decrees; may your innate

piety soften your grief: in a few moments, I shall be on high, when I will pray for you and your parents." He could not finish—his lips still moved, but no sound met the ear; he fell back upon the straw; and, raising his eyes to Heaven, he exerted his last efforts to recommend to its protection the weeping orphan, whom he was leaving friendless and unprotected: nay, so deeply was the habit of benevolence implanted in him, that he still seemed to pray for her, even after life had fled! during the whole course of his life, he had always neglected his own interests to forward those of others; and even at that dreaded moment, when he was called upon to appear before the throne of his heavenly judge to hear his irrevocable doom pronounced, he thought not of himself.

The cries of Elizabeth brought several people round her; they asked what was the matter? she pointed to her protector, extended lifeless on the straw.

The rumour of this event soon assembled a crowd in the room; some, who were drawn thither by idle curiosity, regarded our heroine with amaze, as she stood weeping over the deceased priest; others considered her with an eye of pity: but the master of the inn, merely anxious to receive payment for the miserable accommodations he had afforded the travellers,

joyfully seized the purse, which he found in the missionary's robe, and which Elizabeth had not thought of securing, telling her that he would return her the remains of the money after he had reimbursed himself, and had paid the expenses of the funeral.

The people employed on such occasions in Russia, soon arrived with their torches and attendants; they threw a pall over the deceased: our poor heroine gave a scream of anguish when obliged to relinquish the cold and stiffened hand of her guide, which she had hitherto fervently clasped between both her's: and having taken a last look at the venerable countenance, which was already overspread by a sort of divine serenity, she hastily retired to the darkest corner of the apartment, where, bathed in tears, she sunk upon her knees, and covering her face with a handkerchief, as if to shut out from her sight that desolate world in which she was now doomed to wander alone, she exclaimed, in a voice of stifled agony, "Oh! thou blessed spirit, who art now reaping the reward of thy virtue in the realms above, may thy example encourage and direct me in the path of duty. Oh! my father, oh! my tender mother, where are you at this moment, when your child is bereft of all human aid?"

The priests now began to chaunt the funeral hymns, while their attendants placed the body

on the bier. When they were preparing to carry it away, Elizabeth, notwithstanding she was weak and trembling, resolved to attend to their last asylum, the remains of him who had sustained, guided, and protected her, and who had expired, praying for her welfare.

Upon the banks of the Kama, at the foot of an eminence, on which are still visible the ruins of a fortress which was erected at a very remote period, is situated the burying-ground of the inhabitants of Serapoul; it is at some distance from the town, and is enclosed by a low hedge: in the center is a small wooden edifice, which serves for an oratory; around which are small mounds of earth, surmounted by crosses, which mark the different graves; here and there, a few straggling firs extend their gloomy shade; and from beneath the sepulchral stones, large clusters of thistles with wide spreading leaves and blue flowers; and another weed, whose bare and bending stem is divided into numerous slender branches, bearing flowers of a livid yellow, make their appearance, as only fit to bloom among tombs.

The train that followed the coffin of the missionary, was very numerous; it consisted of people of various nations—Persians, Turkomans, and Arabians, who had escaped from slavery, and had been received in the col-

leges founded by the last Empress. They followed the funeral promiscuously, with straw tapers in their hands, blending their voices with those of the priests: Elizabeth slowly and in silence, her head covered with a veil, appeared as chief mourner, feeling no connection, in the midst of this tumultuous crowd, but with him who was no more.

When the coffin was let down into the grave, the priest who officiated, in conformity to the rites of the Greek church, put a small piece of money into the hand of the deceased, to pay his passage; and after throwing a little earth over him, he departed; and thus remained, consigned to oblivion, a man of such unbounded charity, that he had never suffered a day to elapse, without rendering some services to his fellow creatures. Like those beneficent winds which scatter wide the seeds of the earth, and make them flourish in every climate, he had traversed nearly half the globe, sowing every where the seeds of wisdom and truth; yet by that world he died either unknown or forgotten: so little does renown attach itself to modest merit, so little of it do men bestow, except on those who dazzle them, or upon those conquerors who glory in destroying the human race to gratify their ambition. Vain worldly glory! fruitless worldly honours! Heaven would not suffer you to be thus the re-

ward of human grandeur only, had it not reserved its own celestial glory for the recompence of true Religion.

Elizabeth remained in the burying-ground until the close of the day; she wept abundantly, and prayed fervently, which greatly relieved her bursting heart. Under the immediate pressure of any great misfortune, it is both right and serviceable to devote some hours to solitary meditation upon Heaven and the grave: from reflections upon death, arise courageous ideas; and when we dwell upon the joys of Heaven, hope and consolation succeed to despair. When the extent of a misfortune is known, the dread we have conceived of it decreases; and where such a compensation is presented, we are inclined to rejoice in those trials to which even the most virtuous are necessarily subjected; Elizabeth, therefore, wept, but did not repine: she thanked God for the blessings which had attended the beginning of her journey, and did not conceive that she was entitled to complain, because it was the will of Heaven to withdraw them, though she felt that she was now, as upon the banks of the Tobol, without a guide, and bereft of every human succour; but innate courage still sustained her, and her filial piety preserved her from despair. "My dear father, my tender mother," she exclaimed, "fear not, your child will not give way to dejection."

Thus did she endeavour to encourage her parents, as if they could divine her destitute situation; and when a sacred terror, in spite of herself, stole over her, she would again address them, as the repetition of their names dispelled her fears. "Oh! holy, and now happy spirit," said she, leaning her forehead upon the newly removed earth, "are you, then, lost to us, before my noble father, my kind mother, could express their gratitude, could invoke blessings on the kind protector of their child!"

When night came on, Elizabeth felt the necessity of withdrawing from this melancholy spot; yet being desirous of leaving some memorial behind her, she picked up a sharp pebble, and inscribed these words upon the cross which had been placed over the grave—"the just man perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart;" then, bidding a final adieu to the remains of the poor monk, she quitted the burying-ground, and returned sorrowfully to her lonely apartment at the inn at Serapoul.

On the morrow, when she wished to proceed on her journey, the host gave her three rubles (or about twelve shillings,) assuring her it was all that remained in the missionary's purse. Elizabeth received them with gratitude and veneration, as if this money, for which she was indebted to her late protector, had been sent

from that Heaven of which he was now an inhabitant. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "my guide, my support, your charity survives you; and though you are no longer with me, that still supports me. Nevertheless, during her solitary route, her tears frequently flowed; every object recalled the bitter recollection of the friend she had lost: if a peasant or an inquisitive traveller, either regarded or interrogated her, she had no longer her venerable protector near her, to enforce respect; if excess of fatigue obliged her to seat herself on the roadside, she no longer dared to stop any empty kibecks which drove by, fearing a refusal, even if she escaped being insulted; besides, as she only possessed three rubles, she was extremely frugal in her expenditure, wishing to delay the period when she must have recourse to accidental charity: thus was she debarred from various little indulgencies which the good missionary often procured for her, as she always sought a shelter in the meanest habitations, contenting herself with the most wretched accommodations, and the coarsest food.

As she now travelled very slowly, she did not reach Casan, till the beginning of October. A strong north-west wind, which had blown for some days, had collected such a quantity of ice upon the borders of the Wolga, as nearly to render the passage of that river impracticable,

since it could only be crossed partly in a boat, and partly on foot, leaping from one mass of ice to another; even the boatmen, who were accustomed to this dangerous navigation, durst not attempt it, except they were stimulated to do so in consideration of a high reward; and few people were likely to expose their life, in appearance, so wantonly. Elizabeth, without thinking of the danger, was preparing to enter one of the boats, when they roughly pushed her away, declaring she was mad, and swearing that they would not allow her to cross the river till it was entirely frozen over. She enquired how long she should have to wait for its being so?

"A fortnight, at least;" they replied.

This made her resolve to attempt the passage without delay. "I intreat you," said she, in a tone of supplication, "in the name of Heaven, to assist me in crossing this river. I come from beyond Tobolskoi, and am going to Petersburg, to petition the Emperor in behalf of my father, now an exile in Siberia; and I have so little money, that were I to remain a fortnight at Casan, I should not have left wherewith to continue my journey."

This affecting statement softened the heart of one of the boatmen, who, taking Elizabeth by the hand, said—"Come, you are a good girl,

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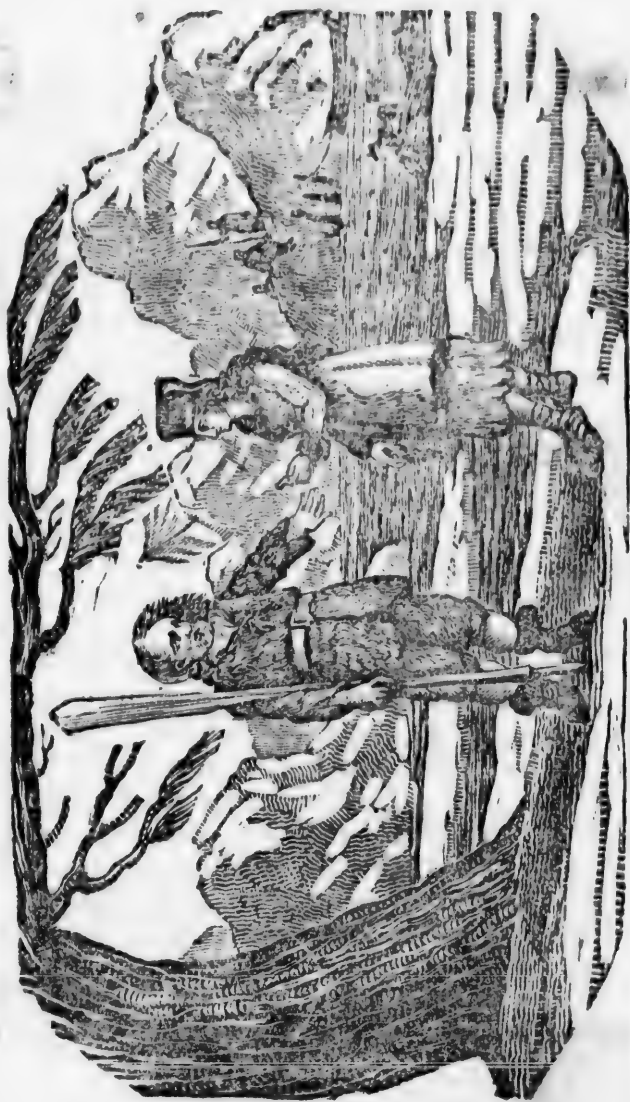
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I will endeavour to ferry you over: and as you fear God and love your parents, Heaven will protect you." He then made her get into his boat, which he rowed half way over, when, being unable to proceed any farther in it, he took Elizabeth by the hand, and walking and leaping alternately over the masses of ice, assisted by his oar, he at last reached the opposite bank of the Wolga, where he deposited his charge in safety.

The grateful Elizabeth, after having thanked him in the most animated terms her heart could dictate, taking out her purse, which now only contained a few small coins, offered him a trifling reward in return for his services.

"Poor child," said the boatman, considering the contents of her purse, "is that all the money you possess, all that you have to defray your expences from hence to Petersburg? then, believe me, Nicholas Keseloff will not deprive you of a farthing; no, I will rather add to your little store—it may bring down a blessing upon me and my six children," throwing down a small piece of money, and calling out to her, as he returned to his boat, "May God watch over and protect you, my child!"

Elizabeth picked up his gift, and having considered it with no small degree of emotion,



Elizabeth and the Boatman.

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she exclaimed—"I will preserve this for my father; it will be a convincing proof, that his prayers have been heard, and that a paternal protection has been every where extended to me."

The atmosphere was clear and the sky serene, but the keen breezes of a northerly wind chilled the air.

After having walked four hours without stopping, Elizabeth felt herself very much fatigued; and as no house or hut presented itself to her view, she sought a shelter at the foot of a hill, where the surrounding rocks defended her from the wind.

At no great distance, was an extensive oak forest, trees which are only to be met with on the European side of the Wolga: Elizabeth had, of course, never seen any before; and though these had already lost some of their beauty, they might still have excited admiration; but, handsome as they appeared, Elizabeth could not like these European productions, for they recalled too forcibly to her mind, the immense distance which separated her from her parents: she greatly preferred the fir to them, since that flourished in the land of exile; she had been reared under its shade, and perhaps her beloved parents were, at that moment, reposing under its sheltering branches. Such thoughts always brought tears

Elizabeth and the Boatman.



into her eyes. "Oh! when shall I again behold them?" she exclaimed; "when shall I again hear the sound of their voices? when shall I return to be encircled in their arms?" While speaking, she extended her arms towards Casan, the buildings of which were still visible at a distance, particularly the antique fortress of the khans of Tartary, which was demolished by the emperor Iwan: but the ruins having been lately repaired, it now forms a grand and picturesque spectacle, rising from above the heights of an adjacent rock.

In the course of her journey, Elizabeth often met with objects which affected her compassionate heart, in a scarcely inferior degree to her own distresses; sometimes, they were a party of unfortunate wretches, condemned to work for life in the mines of Nertchinsk, or to populate the dreary coast of Angara: they travelled on foot, chained together in couples, and escorted by bands of armed peasants, who were relieved at every village.

She also frequently met with companies of emigrants, destined to people the new city, which was building by the Emperor's orders on the confines of China. The men and women walked on foot, the children were perched upon waggons, among bales and boxes, dogs and poultry: but their countenances did not express either hope or satisfaction: the former

however, who were criminals doomed to hard labour for offences which might elsewhere have been punished with death, merely excited the commiseration of Elizabeth; but when she met any exiles escorted by a senate courier, and whose noble appearance reminded her of her father, she was moved even to tears; and sometimes would respectfully approach them, to offer them all the consolation it was in her power to afford; and pity was, alas! the only gift she had to bestow: with that, she soothed the sorrow of all the wretched people she met; and upon the pity of her fellow-creatures, she was now doomed to depend for subsistence, since, upon reaching Wolodimir, she had only one ruble (four shillings) remaining; she had been nearly three months in travelling from Serapoul to Wolodimir; but thanks to the hospitality of the Russian peasants, who never require any payment for milk and bread, her little treasure was not yet completely exhausted; but she was now in want of every thing—her feet were almost bare, and her ragged clothes ill defended her from the cold of the atmosphere, which daily increased. The snow was two feet deep upon the ground; sometimes it froze while falling, and appeared like a shower of ice, which rendered it impossible to distinguish either the sky or the earth: at other times torrents of rain rendered the roads almost im-

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passable; or such violent gusts of wind arose, that Elizabeth, to avoid their rude assaults, was obliged to dig a hole in the snow, and to cover her head with large pieces of the bark of pine-trees, which she dexterously stripped off, as she had seen done by the inhabitants of Siberia. One day, when one of these tempestuous hurricanes had raised the snow in clouds, and so darkened the sky, that Elizabeth, tottering and stumbling at every step, being unable to discern her road, was obliged to stop, she took refuge under a high rock, to which she clung as firmly as she could, to enable her to withstand the fury of the wind, which overthrew all around her: while she was in this situation, motionless, with her head bent down, she thought she heard a confused noise, at no great distance, which induced her to hope that she might find a more secure shelter. With difficulty she tottered round the rock, when she perceived, a little farther on, a kibeck, which had been overturned and broken, and a hut at no great distance. Thither she hastened, and having knocked at the door, an old woman opened it, and struck with the wretchedness of her appearance, "My poor child," she cried, "from whence do you come, and why are you wandering about, half frozen and covered with snow?"

Elizabeth made her usual reply—"I come

from beyond Tobolskoi, and I am going to Petersburg, to solicit my father's pardon."

At these words, a man, who was sitting in a dejected posture, in a corner of the room, suddenly raised his head from between his hands; and regarding Elizabeth with an air of astonishment, exclaimed—"What is it you say? can it be possible that you have come from Siberia, in such a state of distress, and during this tempestuous season, to solicit your father's pardon? Alas! *my poor child* would, perhaps, have followed your example, but they have torn me from her arms without letting her know whither I was going; she cannot, therefore, seek to deprecate the wrath of my sovereign; no, never shall I see her again; the very fear will hasten my death; indeed, I shall find it impossible to exist at a distance from my child."

Elizabeth shuddered, "Sir," said she, in a tone of anxiety, "I hope you are mistaken; surely you will be able to exist, even at a distance from your child."

"Now, indeed, that I know my doom," continued the unfortunate exile, "I might inform her of it. I have written a letter to her, and the courier belonging to that overturned kibeck, who is returning to Riga, where my daughter resides, would take charge of it, had I a small compensation to offer him; but I have it not

in my power, to make him the most trifling present, since I do not possess a single kopeck—the barbarians have stripped me of every thing."

Elizabeth drew her last piece of money out of her pocket, and blushing deeply at having so little to offer, said, in a timid accent, as she presented it to the exile, "If that would suffice——"

He pressed to his lips the generous hand, which offered him all she possessed, and hastened to request the courier would, for this ruble, promise to deliver his letter to his daughter. It was the widow's mite, and Heaven had, doubtless, approved of the offering, as it satisfied the courier, who took charge of the packet.

Thus did this noble sacrifice, as it relieved the agonized feelings of a father, and conveyed consolation to the bosom of a dutiful child, produce a fruit worthy of the donor. When the storm was abated, Elizabeth, wishing to pursue her journey, embraced the old woman, who had treated her as kindly as if she had been her own daughter, telling, her in a low voice, that the exile might not hear what she said, "I cannot recompense you as I could wish, since I have nothing left to give; the blessing of my parents is all I have to offer in

return for your kindness, for their love is the only treasure I now possess."

"What," interrupted the old woman aloud, "have you then, my poor child, given away your all?"

Elizabeth coloured and looked down.

The exile raised his hands to Heaven, and falling on his knees before her, "Angel from Heaven," he exclaimed "have you then given me all you possessed, and can I make no return for such unexampled generosity!"

A knife was lying on the table; Elizabeth took it up, and cutting off a lock of her hair, presented it to him, saying—"As you are going into Siberia, Sir, you will see the governor of Tobolskoi; give him this, I beseech you, and tell him, 'Elizabeth sends it to her parents: possibly he may suffer it to be forwarded to them, to convince them that their child still lives,'"

"I swear to comply with your wishes," replied the exile; "and should I enjoy any liberty in the deserts where I am doomed to linger out my existence, I will seek out the dwelling of your parents, that I may tell them what their child has this day done for me."

To the heart of Elizabeth, these promises were far more pleasing than even the offer of a

throne would have been; the idea of conveying consolation to her parents gave her the greatest delight: and though she was reduced to the greatest poverty, having nothing left but the small piece of money she had received from the boatman on the shore of the Wolga, she might fancy herself rich, since she had just enjoyed the greatest felicity that wealth could have procured her; she had, by her gift, cheered the desponding heart of a father, and, she hoped, consoled a weeping orphan: such are the blessings which a single ruble may produce in the hands of charity.

From Wolodimir to Pokroff, a village built upon crown lands, the country is low, marshy, and very woody, as there are extensive forests of oak, elms, aspens, and wild apple trees. During the summer, these different sorts of trees form an agreeable variety in the prospect, but they also afford a shelter to numerous banditti, who infest the roads. In winter, as the leafless boughs afford but a bad ambush, they are less to be dreaded. Nevertheless, Elizabeth frequently heard of their depredations as she travelled along; possibly, had she any thing to lose, the exaggerated tales that she heard, might have alarmed her for her safety; but as she was now obliged to beg her bread, she conceived that her poverty sheltered

her from all danger, and would enable her to cross these forests in security.

A few versts from Pokroff, the road had been swept away by a hurricane, and travelers who were proceeding to Moscow were forced to make a considerable circuit across marshy swamps, occasioned by the inundations of the Wolga; these were now covered with so thick a coat of ice, that the footing was as firm as upon dry land. Elizabeth took this road, in common with every one else; but after walking for more than an hour, along this icy desert, as there were no traces of a road, she lost herself, and at last found herself in a bog, from which she extricated herself with great difficulty. At length, however, after many efforts, she attained a little hillock; covered with mud, and exhausted with fatigue, she seated herself upon a stone, and untied her sandals, to dry them in the sun, which at that moment shone in full lustre. The environs of this spot were very desolate, and there were no signs of any habitation being at hand: it seemed to be entirely deserted, since no noise struck upon her ear. Elizabeth found that she must have strayed widely from the road, and notwithstanding the courage with which she was endued, she felt alarmed at her situation—behind was the bog she had just crossed, and before her an immense forest, to which she found no end. As the day, how-

ever, was closing in, notwithstanding her extreme weariness, our heroine rose from her stone, and set out once more in search of an asylum, where she might spend the night, hoping to meet with some one to guide her on her lonely way. In vain, however, did she wander about, sometimes following one track, then another: she could see no one, nor could she distinguish any sound likely to re-animate her spirits—that of a human voice would have occasioned her the greatest joy; suddenly, that of several people struck her ears, and in another moment, several men emerged from the forest. Cheered with fresh hopes, she hastened towards them; but as they drew near, terror again succeeded to joy; their savage air and stern countenances alarmed her to a greater degree than her former solitude had done; every thing she had heard respecting the robbers who infested the neighbourhood, recurred to her imagination, and she feared that God would punish her for having had the rashness to suppose, that she had nothing to dread; she therefore fell upon her knees to implore the Divine mercy, and to humble herself in the presence of her Maker.

Meanwhile the troop advanced; and having stopped before Elizabeth, after considering her for a few moments in silence, they

demanded from whence she came, and what she did there?

Our heroine, in a trembling voice, and with downcast eyes, replied—"That she came from beyond Tobolskoi, and that she was going to implore the Emperor to pardon her father;" adding, "that having mistaken her road, she had nearly perished in a marshy bog she had with difficulty crossed, which had obliged her to rest herself for some time, to enable her to regain sufficient strength, to proceed in search of an asylum for the night."

The men appeared astonished, enquiring how much money she had about her to defray the expense of so long a journey!

She drew from her bosom, the small coin she had received from the boatman, and shewed it them.

"Is that all?" they exclaimed.

"All," she replied.

This answer, delivered in the accents of truth, induced the robbers to regard each other with astonishment; they were not moved, they were not softened; their criminal propensities had rendered them obdurate; but they were surprised; they could not comprehend what they felt necessitated to believe; and restrained by a sort of involuntary veneration, they dared not molest this young girl, who seemed to them to be under the evident protection of Heaven;

the secret awe that had insensibly stolen over them, therefore, even prevented them from offering to serve her; they, in consequence, walked on, saying to each other—"Let us leave her, for God assuredly watches over her."

Elizabeth hastily rose, and ran as quick as she could towards the forest, where she had not advanced many yards, before she perceived four great roads, which formed a cross where they met, and in one of the angles was a small chapel dedicated to the Virgin, and over it, upon an elevated post, were inscribed the names of the towns to which the different roads led.

Elizabeth now felt herself secure, and prostrated herself before the altar in the chapel, to offer up her grateful acknowledgments to Him who had preserved her.

The robbers were not mistaken; her Heavenly Father had indeed watched over her—no longer sensible of fatigue, hope having restored her all her strength, she resumed the road to Pokroff with her usual alacrity. She soon regained the banks of the Wolga, which forms an angle before this village, and washes the walls of a convent of nuns. Elizabeth hastened to knock at the hospitable gate; and upon its being opened, she related the hardships she had undergone, and requested an

asylum for the present. The nuns desired her to walk in, giving her a most cordial reception, and lavishing upon her the most affectionate attentions; and she, finding herself surrounded by these pious, innocent souls, fancied she was once more with her mother, as she could not have been more kindly solicitous to contribute to her comforts than were her hospitable hosts.

The simple and modest recital which Elizabeth gave of her adventures, proved a source of edification to the whole community.

These good nuns could not find words to express their admiration of her heroic perseverance, which had enabled her to endure so many hardships, and to sustain so many severe trials without a murmur. They regretted their inability to supply her with money to defray the expenses of her journey; for their convent was very poor, no revenues were attached to it, and all their dependence was on accidental charity. They would not, however, suffer their guest to depart in rags, and nearly barefoot; they, therefore, stripped themselves to provide for her wants, each giving her a portion of their own clothing.

Elizabeth wished to refuse their gifts, since it was of real necessities that these good creatures deprived themselves for her use; but pointing to the walls of the convent, they said—

"We have a shelter, while you have none; the little we can spare, you have a right to, for you are still poorer than we are."

At length Elizabeth drew near Moscow: she was astonished at the extraordinary bustle she now witnessed, and at the immense concourse of carriages, sledges, cars, horses, and people of all ranks and of all ages, who were resorting to this great metropolis; and the farther she advanced, the more the crowd increased.

In the village where she stopped to rest, she found all the houses were filled with strangers, who paid so high for the most indifferent lodgings, that it was with the utmost difficulty, the destitute Elizabeth could procure one, even in the most wretched hovel. She with difficulty restrained her tears, as she received from the hand of sorrowful pity, a little coarse food, and the shelter of so miserable a shed, that it hardly excluded the falling snow; she was not, however, humiliated, for she remembered, that her Heavenly Father witnessed her sacrifices, and that the happiness of her parents might prove their reward; neither did she feel exalted, as she was too artless to suppose, that she was doing more than her duty towards her parents, and too affectionate not to feel a secret satisfaction in suffering for them.

The bells of all the adjacent villages were

ringing, and on every side, Elizabeth heard the name of the Emperor repeated. The report of the cannon from Moscow quite alarmed her, since never before had so tremendous a sound struck her ears. In a timid voice, she enquired the cause of a crowd of servants in rich liveries, whom she had overtaken, and who were assembled round an overturned carriage.

"The Emperor is undoubtedly making his entrance into Moscow," they replied.

"How!" she exclaimed, in the accent of surprise, "is not the Emperor, then, at Petersburg?"

They shrugged their shoulders in pity of her ignorance, as they retorted—"Why, poor girl, did you not know that the Emperor Alexander was coming to be crowned at Moscow?"

Elizabeth clasped her hands in ecstacy. Heaven seemed indeed inclined to favour her, since it sent the sovereign to meet her upon whom the fate of her parents depended, and had willed that she should arrive at a time of general rejoicing, when the hearts of monarchs recede from the dictates of justice, in favour of those of clemency. "Ah!" she exclaimed, looking back towards Siberia, "must such delightful hopes, my dear parents, rejoice my heart alone? Oh, that you could but participate

in your child's happiness! but her voice cannot reach you, and a long time must yet elapse ere we meet again."

In March 1801, Elizabeth made her entrance into the overgrown capital of Muscovy, fancying herself at the end of her troubles, and not supposing that she could have any other misfortune to apprehend. As she advanced into the town, she noticed many superb palaces, decorated with even royal magnificence; but near these splendid abodes, were miserable smoaky huts, open on every side to the wind. She next came into such crowded streets, that she could hardly make her way through the throng, which pressed round her and elbowed her on every side. A little farther on, she found herself in a meadow richly wooded, and began to think she was once more in the country. She stopped to rest for a few minutes in the principal walk, which was an avenue of birch trees, which resemble in summer the linden trees of Prussia. It was now crowded with well dressed ladies and fine gentlemen, all conversing on the subject of the coronation. Innumerable carriages were driving to and fro, and continually crossing each other, as if eager to increase the noise and bustle that prevailed. The enormous bells of the cathedral rang without cessation, and were answered by the bells of the other churches from every part

of the town: therefore, even the great guns, which were fired at regular intervals, could scarcely be heard amidst the noise and tumult which now prevailed in this great city: and as our heroine, guided by chance, or by that providence which had hitherto watched over her, drew near the square of the Cremelines, the bustle and movement appeared to increase at every step she took. Large fires were burning on this spot. Elizabeth drew near one, and timidly seated herself near it. Cold, weary, and hungry, having walked all day without stopping, the joy to which she had given loose in the morning was now converted into sorrow, since in the numerous streets of Moscow, through which she had slowly wandered, she had seen many magnificent houses, but had not found one, likely to afford her an asylum. She had also met a prodigious crowd of people, of every nation and of every degree, but she had neither met with a friend nor a protector. She had heard some enquiring their way, and expressing uneasiness at having lost themselves, and she had envied their lot: "Happy," said she, "to have a home to seek; I who have none, cannot lose my way, since I know not whither to turn in search of an asylum." But as night was now approaching, and the cold became more piercing, our poor Elizabeth, who had not yet broken her fast, felt quite ex-

hausted. She tried to read the countenances of all those who passed her, whether they were likely to shew her any commiseration, should she venture to make an appeal to their feelings; but no one seemed even to notice her; no one stood in need of her assistance, and therefore they had no interest in contemplating her woe-worn countenance. At last, she ventured to knock at the doors of some of the poorest dwellings, but every where she met with a repulse: the hope of being considerable gainers in consequence of the coronation, had steeled all hearts: so true it is, that avarice ever withholds the donations of charity; and never are mankind less disposed to be liberal, than at the moment when they have hopes of increasing their wealth. Our heroine, therefore, returned to the fire in the square of the Cremelines, where, having resumed her seat, she wept in silence; her heart was so full that she had not even the strength to eat a piece of bread, which an old woman had the compassion to give her; she felt herself now reduced to that degree of misery which must compel her to hold out her hand to any one who passed her, to implore their charity; and though she might thus obtain a small pittance, she was quite as likely to be refused with contempt. At the moment, however, that she had resolved to make her appeal to the bye standers, a remaining spark of

pride for an instant staggered her resolution; but the cold was excessive, and she felt that her life would be endangered, were she to spend the night in the open air, and life, she did not consider at her own disposal. This reflection subdued her spirit, and, with one hand before her eyes, she stretched out the other to the first person that passed, saying—
 “In the name of the father who loves you, and of the mother who gave you existence, give me a trifle to procure a lodging for the night.”

The man to whom she addressed herself, examined her with curiosity by the light of the fire. “Young girl,” he replied, “your’s is a bad trade—cannot you work? at your age you ought to be able to get your livelihood: May I assist you, for I never encourage beggars,” walking forwards.

The unfortunate girl raised her eyes to Heaven, as if in search of a friend. An inspiration of hope re-animated her sinking courage, and she ventured to repeat her demand to several other people. Some walked on without attending to her, and, others gave her such a trifle that she could not collect enough to relieve her necessities.

At last, as the night was far advanced, the crowd began to disperse; and the fires being nearly extinguished, the guards who were upon

duty near the palace, in making their rounds, perceiving Elizabeth, enquired—"Why she remained there?"

The stern and savage looks of these soldiers terrified her so much that she burst into tears, unable to answer their question.

The soldiers, by no means affected by her visible distress, surrounded her, repeating their question with insolent familiarity.

The trembling girl at last replied, in a voice broken with sobs, "That she came from beyond Tobolskoi, to petition the Emperor in behalf of her father. I have performed the whole journey on foot," she continued; "and as I have no money, no one would receive me into their houses here."

At these words, the soldiers gave way to a burst of laughter, taxing her with being an impostor, and having wished to impose upon their credulity.

The innocent girl, more alarmed than ever, sought to escape, but they would not suffer her, detaining her by main force,

"Oh! my God, oh! my father," she cried, in an accent of horror and despair, "will you not come to my assistance? have you forsaken the wretched Elizabeth?"

During this debate, some men of the lower order, attracted by the noise, had ac-

sembled in groups, and now murmured their disapprobation of the cruelty of the soldiers.

Elizabeth extended her hands in the act of entreaty, towards them, exclaiming—"In the face of Heaven, I solemnly declare that I have not uttered a falsehood. I have travelled from beyond Tobolskoi, to implore my father's recall from exile. Save me, oh! save me; let me not die, at least till I have fulfilled my mission."

This moving appeal affected her auditors; several advanced to her rescue, and one of them addressing the soldiers, said, "I keep the inn known by the sign of St. Basile, in this square, and I will give this young girl a night's lodging, if you will let her go with me, as she appears a modest creature, and I believe the story she relates to be true."

The soldiers, who had been rather softened, by her extreme distress, let go her arms, and pursued their walk.

The grateful Elizabeth, embraced the knees of her preserver, who kindly raising her, led her to his house, which was in sight. "I have not a bed to give you," said he, "as they are all full; but my wife will, for one night, share her's with you; she is kind and compassionate, and will rea-

dily put up with some inconvenience to serve a fellow-creature.

The still trembling Elizabeth followed him in silence. He preceded her into a small room upon the ground floor, in which was seated, near the stove, a young woman, with an infant in her arms; she arose upon their entrance. Her husband immediately related from what a perilous situation he had rescued his companion, adding, that he had promised her a night's lodging, certain that she would not object to receiving a destitute stranger.

The young woman, rejoiced at being thus able to display her innate charity, and taking Elizabeth by the hand, said, with an encouraging smile, "Poor child how pale and agitated she is! be comforted: we will take care of you; but be careful never to stay out so late again: in large towns, such as this, and at your age, it is very dangerous to be found at a late hour in the streets."

Elizabeth told her, in reply, that she had in vain sought an asylum in the meanest habitations, having had every door shut against her, acknowledging her poverty without a blush, and relating all the hardships she had so heroically endured, without a feeling of vanity.

Both husband and wife shed tears during her recital; as neither of them entertained a doubt of her veracity, they would not have been thus affected by the best imagined fiction.

The lower class of people are seldom misled by brilliant falsehoods, since they soar beyond their capacities; the simple truth alone finds its way to their souls.

When she had finished her narrative, James Rossi (that was the name of the innkeeper) said—"My influence in this city is but small, but as far as it could be exerted for my own interests, it shall be for your's."

His wife pressed his hand in token of approbation, and asked Elizabeth, "if she knew no one who could present her to the Emperor?"

"No one," she replied, not choosing to mention young Smoloff, for fear of involving him in some difficulty; besides, what assistance could he have afforded her, since he was in Livonia?

"Well, never mind," rejoined the young woman, "your virtue and your distress will be powerful recommendations to the favour of our august monarch—they will plead for you."

"Yes, yes," interrupted James Rossi, "the

Emperor Alexander is to be crowned to-morrow in the church of the Assumption. You must place yourself in his way, and, falling at his feet, you must implore his pardon for your father. I will accompany and encourage you."

"Oh! my generous hosts," exclaimed Elizabeth, seizing their hands with an expression of the liveliest gratitude, "the Almighty has heard your kind promises, and my parents will call down blessings upon your head, since you will lead me to the feet of the Emperor, and support me in his presence; perhaps you may be a witness of my happiness—of the greatest happiness a human being is capable of enjoying. Oh! should I obtain my father's pardon, should I be permitted to be the joyful herald of such happy tidings, to witness his and my mother's delight——"

She could say no more; the bare idea of such felicity almost forbade the hope that it might be realized; she could not believe that she had deserved to be so transcendently happy.

Her hosts, however, revived her spirits by the panegyrics which they bestowed upon the clemency of Alexander, repeating to her the numerous acts of mercy and goodness which had already marked his reign, as he seemed to

glory in appearing the father of his people, and in listening to, and redressing all their grievances.

Elizabeth eagerly listened to his praises, and would have spent the night in hearing them repeated; but it grew very late, her kind hosts wished her to dedicate a few hours to repose, that she might be the better enabled to support the exertions she was required to make on the morrow. James Rossi, therefore, went to rest with one of his men in the garret, as Elizabeth shared that of his wife; but, notwithstanding her fatigue, a long time elapsed before the agitation of her mind would allow her to forget herself; she returned thanks to Heaven even for her sufferings, since they had introduced her to the notice of her hospitable hosts." "Had I been less miserable," she mentally exclaimed, "perhaps James Rossi would not have taken pity on me." And when sleep at last closed her eyes, visions of happiness still floated before her, as sometimes she fancied she saw her father, then her mother, their countenances beaming with joy and transport; then she thought she heard the voice of the Emperor—heard him pronounce that pardon she had endured so much to obtain; and sometimes another form presented itself to her imagination, but a mist concealed his features from her; they therefore merely

made the same sort of vague impression upon her mind, they had already done upon her heart.

On the morrow, the roaring of cannon, the beating of drums, the merry bells and the loud acclamations of the people, having announced the dawn of such a day of festivity and rejoicing, Elizabeth, habited in a dress which had been lent her by her kind hostess, and leaning upon the arm of James Rossi, mixed among the throng, which were crowding to the large church of the Assumption, where the Emperor Alexander was to be crowned.

The holy temple was illuminated by a thousand tapers, and every part was decorated with the greatest magnificence. Upon a dazzling throne, under a superb canopy, were seated the Emperor and his youthful consort, habited in sumptuous dresses, which displaying to advantage the beauty of their forms and countenances, gave them the appearance of celestial beings. Kneeling before her august husband, the Empress received from his hands the imperial diadem, and encircled her brow with this superb pledge of their eternal union. Opposite to the royal pair was the pulpit, in which was the venerable Plato, the patriarch of Moscow, who, in a discourse at once pathetic and sublime, reminded Alex-

ander of the duties annexed to royalty, and
 of the awful responsibility which the Almighty
 has attached to elevated stations, in return
 for the pomp which surrounds them, and for
 the power with which monarchs are invested.
 Amidst the immense throng which filled the
 church, he pointed out the Kamtschadales,
 bringing tributes of otter-skins from the islands
 bordering on the continent of America; mer-
 chants from Archangel, who had come loaded
 with rich commodities, which their vessels
 had brought from every quarter of the globe;
 the Samoides, a rude and unpolished people,
 who reside in a country condemned to the ri-
 gours of an eternal winter, where a flower
 never blossoms, and where the rich produce of
 the harvest is unknown. And the natives of
 Astracan, whose fertile fields yield melons,
 figs, and grapes of an excellent flavour, of
 which they make the most exquisite wine; and,
 lastly, he pointed out to him the inhabitants
 of the shores of the Black and Caspian Seas,
 and of the greater Tartary, which, bounded
 by China, Persia, and the empire of the Mo-
 guls, extends from the extremity of the wes-
 tern hemisphere to that of the east, including
 almost half the known world, and nearly sur-
 rounding the pole. "Sovereign of the most
 extensive empire of the earth," said he,
 "you, who are this day to take the awful oath

required of him who will preside over the destiny of a state comprising a fifth part of the globe, bear it ever in remembrance, that you have to answer before God for the fate of millions of your fellow-creatures, and that an injustice done to the meanest among them, which you might have prevented, will be placed to your account at the last day."

The young Emperor appeared greatly affected by this impressive discourse, and there was a person in the church who was no less so—it was she who was come to solicit the remission of her father's sentence.

At the moment that Alexander was pronouncing the solemn oath by which he bound himself to devote his time and his future life to the happiness of his people, Elizabeth, thinking she heard the voice of Mercy requiring him to break the chains of every unfortunate being within his dominions, unable any longer to command her feelings, assisted by a supernatural strength, rushed through the crowd, and, forcing a passage through the lines of soldiers, she fell prostrate before the throne, exclaiming, "Pardon, pardon!"

This outcry, which interrupted the ceremony, occasioned a general murmur; the guards advanced, and, in spite of her intreaties, and of the efforts of the worthy

James Rossi, they forced Elizabeth out of the church.

The Emperor, however, would not be supplicated in vain on such a memorable day; he therefore ordered one of the officers in his train to enquire what the young woman prayed for. The officer instantly obeyed; and on leaving the church, heard the imploring accents of the unfortunate girl, struggling amidst the soldiers, who were declaring she should not return. He started, then rushing precipitately towards her, beheld her, instantly recollected her, and as instantly exclaimed—"It is she—it is Elizabeth!"

Our heroine hardly knew whether she durst believe herself so fortunate as to see her former friend: she could not persuade herself that Smoloff was before her—Smoloff, who could remove every difficulty, and who seemed purposely sent by Heaven to ensure her father's freedom! nevertheless the sound of his voice confirmed the evidence of her eyes—she could no longer doubt his identity—she found it impossible, however, to give utterance to her feelings, but she extended her arms to him, as she would have done towards an angel who had opened the gates of Heaven for her admittance.

He rushed towards her, and seized her hand, hardly knowing whether he was not under the

influence of a pleasing delusion : " Elizabeth ! " he cried, " is it indeed you ? am I so blessed ? from whence came you ? "

" From beyond Tobolskoi. "

" From beyond Tobolskoi ? and did you travel alone, and on foot ? "

" Yes, " she replied ; I came alone, and on foot, to request the Emperor would pardon my father, and they have dragged me from the foot of his throne. "

" I will lead you again to his feet, Elizabeth, " interrupted the young man in a tone of enthusiasm. " I will present you to the Emperor. When he hears your voice, when he listens to your supplications, I am convinced he will grant all you require. " He then dispersed the soldiers, and led Elizabeth back towards the church.

The imperial procession was at that instant issuing from the great portal. As soon as the monarch appeared, Smoloff, holding Elizabeth by the hand, forced his way through the guards, and falling with her at his feet, " Sire, " he cried, " deign to listen to the voice of suffering virtue. You see kneeling before you the daughter of the unfortunate Stanislaus Potowsky, who comes from the deserts of Ischimska, where for the last twelve years her parents have languished in exile. She set out alone, of course unprotected, and has travel-

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led hither on foot, existing upon charity, braving the united opposition of poverty, insults, and tempests, the rigors of the season, and the excessive fatigue of such a journey, that she might at your feet implore forgiveness for her father."

Elizabeth raised her clasped hands towards Heaven, repeating the last words—"forgiveness for my father."

A clamour of approbation arose among the crowd; the Emperor himself joined in it, and deeply rooted as his prejudices had been against Stanislaus Potowsky, they were in an instant totally removed; the father of so virtuous a daughter, he conceived, must be innocent of the crimes laid to his charge; but had he even supposed him culpable, Alexander would, at such a moment, have forgiven him: "The pardon is granted," said he; "your father is at liberty."

Elizabeth heard no more, her joy overpowered her, and she fell senseless into the arms of Smoloff: in this state she was carried through immense crowds, who readily made way for her, rending the air with shouts of applause which they bestowed upon the filial piety of our heroine, and the clemency of their monarch.

She was conveyed to the house of the worthy James Rossi, and there she recovered her senses; when the first object that met her

eyes was Smoloff, kneeling beside her; and the first words he greeted her with were a repetition of those of the Emperor—"Elizabeth, the pardon is granted—your father is at liberty."

For some minutes it was by looks only that she could express her joy and gratitude, but they spoke volumes to the heart of Smoloff; at last, leaning towards him, she pronounced, in a faltering voice, the names of her father and mother: "We shall see them again; she added, "we shall enjoy the sight of their happiness."

These words sunk deep into the heart of the young man. Elizabeth had not told him she loved him, but she had associated him with the first sentiment of her soul, and she wished him to participate in the happiness which she thought the future had in store for her. From this moment, therefore, he ventured to indulge the hope that she would at no very distant period consent to ratify the union she made in her first transports of joy.

Several days elapsed before the deed of pardon could be drawn up and signed; it was necessary, in the first instance, to reconsider the cause of Stanislaus Potowsky's condemnation; and this investigation proved so very favourable to the noble Pole, as to convince Alexander that equity alone would have commanded him

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to break the chains of the illustrious Palatine; but he had pardoned him before he was aware that he was merely doing an act of justice—a circumstance which was ever present to the memory of the noble exiles.

One morning, Smoloff entered Elizabeth's apartment, earlier than he had ever before presumed to visit her; he presented her with a roll of parchment, sealed with the imperial signet: "Here is," said he, "the order that the Emperor is going to dispatch to my father, to restore your's to liberty."

Our heroine seized the parchment, and pressing it to her lips, bathed it with tears: "This is not all," continued Smoloff: "our magnanimous monarch, not satisfied with merely recalling your father from banishment, also restores to him all his dignities, the high rank he formerly held, all his large possessions, and all those sources of grandeur which exalt mankind in general, but which cannot exalt Elizabeth, nor even raise her in the public opinion. The courier who is to convey this order to Tobolskoi departs to-morrow, and I have obtained leave from the Emperor to accompany him."

"And may I not also accompany him?" anxiously interrupted Elizabeth.

"Assuredly," resumed Smoloff; "since from your lips alone your father must learn

he is free. Presuming that such would be your wish, I ventured to hint as much to the Emperor, who approved of your design, and desired me to inform you that you have his leave to depart to-morrow in one of his carriages; he has also appointed you two women attendants, who will travel with you; and he sends you a purse of two thousand rubles to defray the expenses of your route."

Fixing her expressive eyes upon Smoloff, Elizabeth replied—"Since the first day I saw you, not a single favourable circumstance has forwarded my enterprize, of which you were not the promoter—without your assistance, I should not have obtained my father's pardon—without your interference, never would he have beheld his country again—you, then, ought to inform him that he is free; this glorious recompense is your due, and the only return I have to offer worthy of your disinterested services."

"No, Elizabeth," replied the young man, "that happiness must be your's; I aspire to a still greater recompense."

"A still greater recompense?" she exclaimed; "Good heaven! what can that be?" Smoloff's heart was upon his lips; but, repressing his emotion, he lowered his eyes, and after a pause of some duration, said, in a faltering

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voice, "I will explain my meaning in the presence of your father.

Since Smoloff had so unexpectedly met with Elizabeth, not a day elapsed in which he did not spend some hours in her company; every visit he paid her had increased his former love for her: but never, even for an instant, did he deviate from that respect which was her due. At such a distance from her parents, he considered himself as her sole protector. Her defenceless state rendered her, in his opinion, a sacred deposit; he should, therefore, have blushed to express a sentiment that she would have blushed to listen to; and during their long journey he preserved the same respectful silence; always seated near her, beholding her, and listening to her, he felt his regard hourly increase, but never did he venture to wound her delicacy by a declaration of his love; every where he addressed her by the name of sister; and if his attentions were more tender than those of a most affectionate brother, they were not less innocent; they could not have offended the most scrupulous delicacy, though they must have satisfied even the most scrupulous, as the efforts which he made to conceal his sentiments alone rendered them perceptible; he spoke the language of friendship; in his silence only was love discernable.

Before she left Moscow, Elizabeth had liberally requited her worthy charitable hosts; and upon repassing the Wolga before Casan, she remembered the boatman, Nicholas Keso-loff: upon enquiring after him, she was informed, that in consequence of an accident which had befallen him, he had been reduced to extreme distress, and that he was now lying in a garret, surrounded by six children, in want of bread. Elizabeth immediately requested to be conducted to his dwelling. When he had before seen her, she was poor and in rags; she was now very handsomely dressed; and appeared so happy, that he did not, as may be supposed, recollect her. She drew from her purse the little coin which he had given her, and shewing it to him, reminded him of his former charity and kindness towards her; then placing a hundred rubles upon his bed, she added—"He that giveth to the poor lendeth unto the Lord, who has made me the humble instrument of his goodness towards you in the present instance."

Elizabeth was so eager to rejoin her parents, that she travelled night and day. Upon her arrival at Serapoul, notwithstanding her haste, she made a point of visiting the grave of the poor missionary--it was a tribute of grateful veneration, almost equivalent to an act of filial duty, and Elizabeth was anxious to seize the

opportunity of discharging so sacred an obligation! again, therefore, did she behold the cross upon which she had inscribed the portion of scripture, which was still legible, again did she weep over that grave where she had formerly shed so many bitter tears—those which now fell as a tribute to the memory of her departed friend, were even soothing to her feelings, as she fancied that even from his celestial abode, the poor monk, participated in her present happiness; his heart had ever been so expanded, that the felicity of those he loved upon earth, she conceived, might even increase the bliss which he enjoyed in the bosom of his God.

But as I am now impatient to bring my tale to a conclusion, I shall not make any stay at Tobolskoi, nor pretend to describe the joy, young Smoloff displayed when he presented Elizabeth to his father; nor shall I dwell upon the gratitude our heroine evinced towards this excellent man, as, like her, I am extremely anxious to reach that cottage where the days of her absence were so anxiously counted. She would not suffer her parents to be informed of her approach, as she knew that they were in good health, having been told so at Tobolskoi, which was still farther confirmed at Saimka; and wishing to occasion them an agreeable surprise, with a beating heart she

proceeded to their habitation, followed only by Smoloff. How great was her agitation as she crossed the forest; it increased as she drew near the banks of the lake; every tree and every rock were now familiar to her. At last she caught sight of the paternal roof. She rushed forward, but the violence of her agitation obliged her to pause. Such is man! we devote our whole life to the search of happiness, and yet we are unable to bear it in excess; nay, it is perhaps more difficult to support than excess of misery.

Elizabeth reclining upon the arm of Smoloff, faintly uttered—"If I should find my mother ill—."

The dread of this misfortune tempered the excess of joy which overwhelmed her, and restored all her fortitude. Again she ran forward, and having reached the threshold, she heard the well known voice of her parents. In an ecstasy that almost deprived her of sense and recollection, she called upon them. The door flew open. Her father appeared: at the cry he uttered, her mother rushed forward, and Elizabeth fell into their extended arms.

"There she is," cried Smoloff: "she is the bearer of your pardon; she has triumphed over every obstacle, and has obtained even more than she expected from the generosity of the Emperor."



Elizabeth's return to her Parents.

These words added nothing to the joy of the exiles: indeed they had not even heard them, since they could only see, could only listen to their voices. She was restored to them: she was never to leave them again—this they had long resolved, should she ever return; they were, therefore, hardly aware that there could be any greater blessings in store for them. For a length of time they remained in an ecstasy of joy, resembling the delirium of a fever—a few unconnected words escaped from their lips, but they knew not what they uttered; in vain did they seek for words to express their feelings—none could they find—by tears, by looks only, could they make them understood; and even their strength, as well as their reason, began to fail them under excess of joy.

Smoloff threw himself at their feet: “Vouchsafe, in these blissful moments,” he exclaimed, “to consider me also as your child: during our journey, Elizabeth called me her brother; at your feet, perhaps, she will permit me to aspire to a still more tender appellation.”

Our heroine seized a hand of each of her parents, and regarding them in the most affectionate manner, said—“But for him, I should not, perhaps, have been here; it was he who led me to the feet of the Emperor—who

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spoke for me—who solicited your pardon, and who obtained it; it is he who restores you to your former rank—who restores me to your arms. Oh! my mother, instruct me how to express my gratitude towards him. Oh! my father, how can I ever acquit myself towards him?"

Phedora pressing her daughter to her heart, replied—"Your gratitude ought to have paved the way for love—for such love as I feel for your father."

Potowsky (whom we shall no longer style Springer) interrupting her, said, in a tone of enthusiasm, "The gift of such a heart is above all value; but my Elizabeth cannot, upon such an occasion, be too generous."

Our heroine uniting Smoloff's hand with those of her parents, with modest diffidence said—"Will you promise me never to leave them?"

"Oh, Heaven!" he exclaimed, "dare I believe what I have heard?—her parents have bestowed her upon me, and she consents to be mine!" His rapture deprived him of further utterance: he did not conceive that there could exist, upon earth, a degree of happiness superior to that he now enjoyed.

The transports of the mother upon again beholding her child; the affectionate pride of the father, who was indebted for his liberty to

the efforts and courage of his daughter; and even the inexpressible satisfaction of our virtuous heroine, who at so early a period of her life had fulfilled the most sacred of obligations, and displayed a degree of virtue hitherto unprecedented, did not, in Smoloff's opinion, bear any competition with the happiness for which he was indebted to love.

Were I to describe the days that followed, I should represent these fond parents discoursing with their child respecting the heart-rending anguish which they had endured during her absence; I should also represent them listening, with all the varying feelings of hope and fear, to the account she gave them of her long journey; I should relate the blessings which her father had bestowed upon those who had succoured his child; and I should describe the tender mother displaying the lock of hair, placed next her heart, which Elizabeth had sent her, and which gift had helped to support her during her long absence; I should endeavour to give my readers an idea of their feelings on the day that the exile, by whom Elizabeth had sent it, presented himself at the door of their cottage, to inform them how greatly he was indebted to their daughter's generosity; I should dwell upon the tears which

they shed during the narrative of her sufferings, and upon the joy they experienced when they learnt how unbounded had been her charity. Finally, I should describe their departure from their rustic habitation, and from the land of exile, where they had endured many evils, but where they had likewise experienced the greatest happiness, the value of which had been considerably increased by the sorrows which had preceded it, and by the tears it had cost them: since even the rays of the sun are never more vivid nor more dazzling than when they break through a watery cloud, and reflect their glorious beams upon the fields and leaves glittering with dew.

Pure and spotless as the angels surrounding the throne of the Omnipotent, Elizabeth was destined to participate on earth in happiness resembling theirs—like them, to lead a life of innocence and love, for surely, those united must give mortals a foretaste of the joys of Heaven; and here I shall conclude.

I have restored Elizabeth to her parents, by them she is conducted into Poland, her native country: by them she is replaced in the exalted rank which her ancestors held—but they are prouder of her virtue than of her birth; by them she is united to the man she

prefers—to the man whom even they think worthy of her. What more can be said? Let us leave her completely happy: for, were I to add another page to my story, I should fear, from my knowledge of life, of its crosses, deceitful hopes, and fugitive as well as unreal felicity, that I should have some misfortune to relate, since temporal happiness can never be of long duration.

THE END.

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The Precepts of Wisdom.

ON APPLICATION.

SINCE the days that are past are gone for ever, and those that are to come may not come to thee; it becometh thee, O man! to employ the present time, without regretting the loss of that which is past, or too much depending on that which is to come.

Idleness is the parent of want, and of pain; but the labour of virtue bringeth forth pleasure.

The slothful man is a burthen to himself; his hours hang heavy on his head; he loitereth about, and knoweth not what he would do.

His body is diseased for want of exercise: he wisheth for action, but hath not power to move; his mind is in darkness; his thoughts are confused: he longeth for knowledge, but hath no application.

His house is in disorder, his servants are wasteful and riotous; and he runneth on towards ruin; he seeth it with his eyes, he heareth it with his ears, he shaketh his head and wisheth, but hath no resolution; till ruin cometh upon him like a whirlwind, and shame and repentance descend with him to the grave.

ON PRUDENCE.

HEAR the words of Prudence, give heed unto her counsels, and store them in thine heart: her maxims are universal, and all the virtues lean upon her; she is the guide and mistress of human life.

Put a bridle on thy tongue; set a guard before thy lips, lest the words of thine own mouth destroy thy peace.

Let him that scoffeth at the lame, take care that he halt not himself: whosoever speaketh of another's failings with pleasure, shall hear of his own with bitterness of heart.

Furnish thyself with the proper accommodations belonging to thy condition; yet spend not to the utmost of what thou canst afford, that the providence of thy youth may be a comfort to thy old age.

Let not prosperity put out the eyes of circumspection, nor abundance cut off the hands of frugality; he that too much indulgeth in the superfluities of life, shall live to lament the want of its necessities.

Trust no man before thou hast tried him; yet mistrust not without reason, it is uncharitable.

But when thou hast proved a man to be bonest, lock him up in thine heart as a treasure; regard him as a jewel of inestimable price.

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Use not to-day what to-morrow may want ;
neither leave that to hazard which foresight
may provide for, or care prevent.

Yet expect not even from prudence infallible
success ; for the day knoweth not what the
night may bring forth.

The fool is not always unfortunate, nor the
wise man always successful ; yet never had a fool
a thorough enjoyment ; never was a wise man
wholly unhappy.

ON CONTENTMENT.

FORGET not, O man ! that thy station on earth
is appointed by the wisdom of the Eternal, who
knoweth thy heart : who seeth the vanity of all
thy wishes, and who often, in mercy, denieth
thy requests.

Murmur not therefore at the dispensations of
God, but correct thine own heart : neither say
within thyself, If I had wealth or power, or
leisure, I should be happy : for know, they all
bring to their several possessors their peculiar
inconveniencies.

The poor man seeth not the vexations and
anxieties of the rich, he feeleth not the diffi-
culties and perplexities of power, neither
knoweth he the wearisomeness of leisure ; and
therefore it is that he repineth at his own lot.

To be satisfied with a little is the greatest
wisdom : and he that increaseth his riches, in-

creaseth his cares; but a contented mind is a hidden treasure, and trouble findeth it not.

Yet if thou sufferest not the allurements of fortune to rob thee of justice or temperance, or charity, or modesty, even riches themselves shall not make thee unhappy.

But hence shalt thou learn, that the cup of felicity, pure and unmixed, is by no means a draught for mortal man.

Virtue is the race which God hath set him to run, and happiness the goal, which none can arrive at till he hath finished his course, and received his crown in the mansions of eternity.

ON CHARITY.

HAPPY is the man who hath sown in his breast the seeds of benevolence; the produce thereof shall be charity and love.

From the fountain of his heart shall rise rivers of goodness; and the streams shall overflow for the benefit of mankind.

He assisteth the poor in their trouble; he rejoiceth in furthering the prosperity of all men.

He censureth not his neighbour, he believeth not the tales of envy and malevolence, neither repeateth he their slanders.

For evil he returneth not evil; he hateth not even his enemies, but requiteth their injustice with friendly admonition.

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The griefs and anxieties of men excite his compassion; he endeavoured to alleviate the weight of their misfortunes, and the pleasure of success rewardeth his labour.

He calmeth the fury, he healeth the quarrels of angry men, and preventeth the mischiefs of strife and animosity.

He promoteth in his neighbourhood peace and good-will, and his name is repeated with praise and benediction.

ON SCIENCE AND LEARNING.

THE noblest employment of the mind of man, is the study of the works of his Creator.

To him whom the science of nature delighteth, every object bringeth a proof of his God; and every thing that proveth it giveth cause of adoration.

Casteth he his eye towards the clouds, findeth he not the heavens full of his wonders? looketh he down to the earth, doth not the worm proclaim to him, Less than omnipotence could not have formed me?

While the planets perform their courses; while the sun remaineth in his place; while the comet wandereth through the liquid air, and returneth to its destined road again; who but thy God, O man! could have formed them? what but infinite wisdom could have appointed them their laws?

Behold how awful their splendor ! yet do they not diminish ; lo, how rapid their motions ! yet one runneth not in the way of another.

Look down upon the earth, and see her produce ; examine her bowels, and behold what they contain : hath not wisdom and power ordained the whole ?

Who biddeth the grass to spring up ? who watereth it at its due seasons ? Behold the ox croppeth it ; the horse and the sheep, feed they not upon it ? Who is he that provideth it for them ?

Who giveth increase to the corn that thou sowest ? who returnest it to thee a thousand fold ?

Can the meanest fly create itself ; or wert thou aught less than God, couldest thou have fashioned it ?

Thou who seest the whole as admirable as its parts, canst thou better employ thine eye, than in tracing out thy Creator's greatness in them ; thy mind, than in examining their wonders ?



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